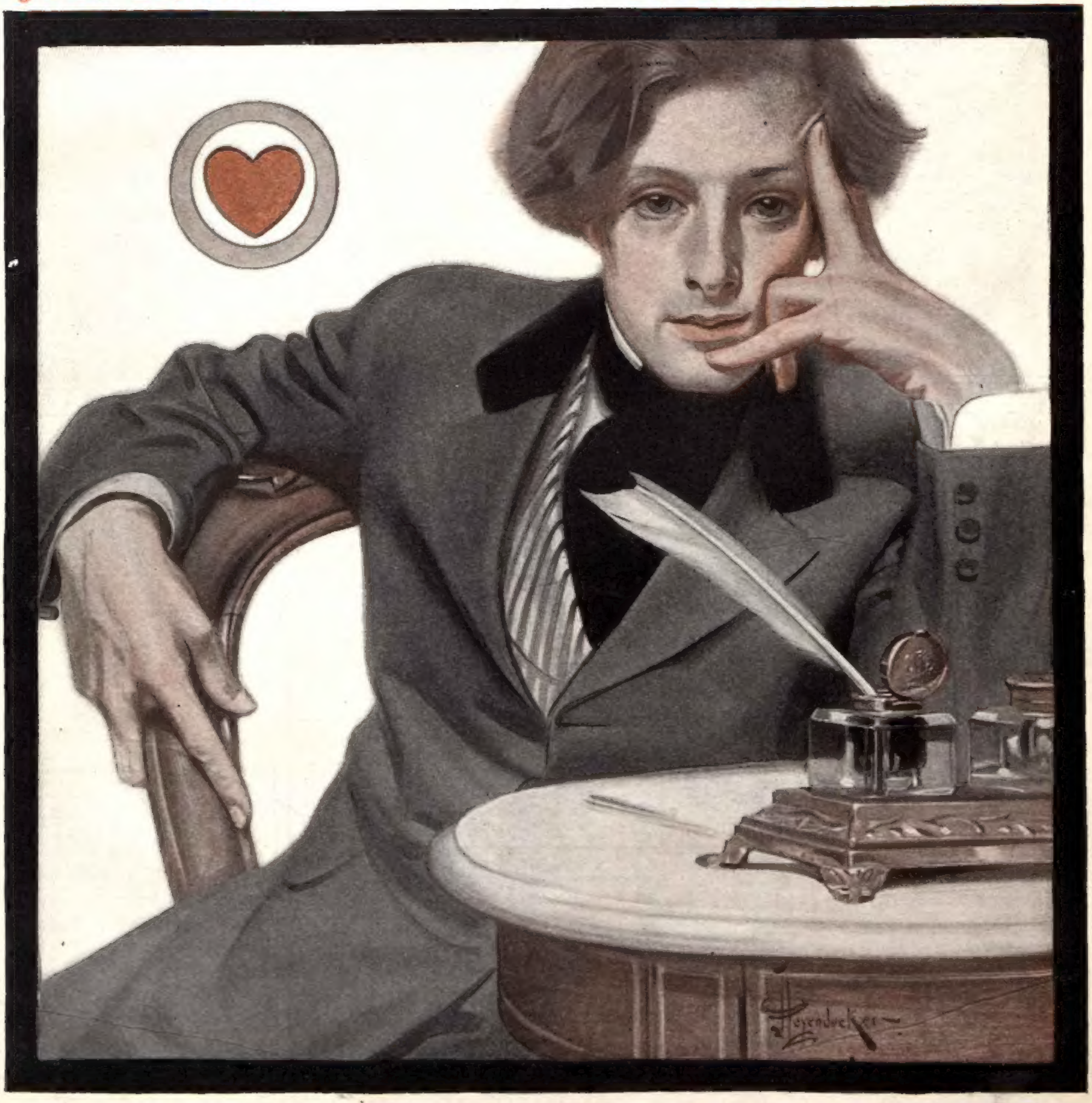
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 20, 1907 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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By Robert W. Chambers

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By E. Nesbit

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Narcissus, the Near-Poet

BY ANNULET ANDREWS

"Willed to Me Own Great-Grandmother by the Great Irish Beauty, Lady Mona McDermott"

I

The Studio of Sophie Van Cort,
————West 57th Street,
SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 190—.

MY NAME is Sophie Van Cort. I am almost an orphan. My poor, dear papa is dead, and my mamma is an actress.

I am really an old maid's child, for Jane, who nursed mamma and who has mothered me since I was born, is a spinster. Nature assisted Jane's preference in this matter by giving her tomato-colored hair, and a puggy face like a Blenheim spaniel's, and a bad temper to everybody but me. Jane is an old, fussy prude, and a tyrant, and a darling, and I love her.

This is the beginning of my journal. I am now seventeen, and nothing of the least importance has happened to me. That is why I have decided to begin the journal: just to see if it wouldn't hurry whatever is coming. As soon as Marie Bashkirtseff began her journal things just happened one after another; and what didn't, she made up. I sha'n't be able to do that; I can't make up.

I suppose I had best begin by writing down my pedigree and what I know of it. That's the way they enter young animals at the dog-show.

Well, I am just a nobody who might have been somebody—but perhaps all nobodies think that. Papa's name was Richard Malcolm Van Cort. He was a Knickerbocker on his father's side, and a Scotchman on his mother's, so naturally he was serious-minded and went into the ministry. Like many serious-minded young men, however, he fell recklessly in love with a gay, disturbing, beautiful girl. Mamma was the daughter of French parents. Papa saw her first in church, forgot everything and married her, then—he died six months after I was born. It seems perfectly natural, I suppose, that stiff people like the Malcolms and Van Corts should not care for any one so gay and pretty and irresponsible as mamma. They were horrid to her, and when they said they would take her baby, but would not provide for her, she cut the whole lot and took me and Jane and went on the stage.

I mean she went. She sold all her jewels and kept Jane and myself in a little flat on Washington Square.

She doesn't seem the least like a regular mother, but like some kind, lovely princess who drops into my life from another world, now and then. She has been married three times, but I have never met any of her husbands, because, whenever she came to us and took us abroad, or to the seacoast on this side, in her vacations, she always left them behind.

Oh, those lovely vacations! We played together, mamma and I, like two little sisters, and had beautiful times.

Jane has stood for conscience and religion, and mamma for art and beauty. I have never seen mamma act. Jane says her plays are not the sort for an angel child, but, if she ever does come on this side again, I am going to slip off from Jane and go to a matinée—that is, I will if I can. Jane never leaves me a moment.

When mamma is here her friends flutter in, but I am sent out of the room usually, or, if I stay, mamma says "Hush," and puts her fingers to her lips, and I feel so uncomfortable that I bolt. So it is I've never had a chance to know anybody much. I have been educated irregularly and in spots by special tutors and governesses; then, when I was fifteen, I found I could draw, and so mamma sent me to an art school, and I've managed to learn something in the intervals when the little bantam of a master was not talking about himself.

I do not grieve over Jane's strict vigilance. I love to read, and all the nicest men and women and girls and boys I know are in books. I am afraid my reading is dreadfully old-fashioned. Papa inherited a fine library from a bachelor uncle, and I have it all except Smollett and Sterne and things of that sort, for Jane burned them. Then I have my own little-girl library: Miss Alcott, and Eugene Field, and Grimm's, and The Arabian Nights. Of course, everything is out of date in the grown-up library—Dickens and Scott and Jane Austen and Thackeray; but I like the people in them much better than in the new books I've read, or tried to read. I love everything to turn out beautifully and people to be happy after they are married.

. . . . . .

I was interrupted here. Something has happened. I knew it would as soon as I began the journal. It's not romantic, but it is an event, because it has never happened before. Jane is going away. She came in just now with a letter in her hand. She said her mother's sister was dying up in Albany. Now, mamma had always said that Jane was a Real Irish Emerald because she never had dying relatives, and here, at the end of forty faithful years, this old aunt turns up to disturb the peace of my nurse.

"It ain't the grievin', me darlint," she said, "over the blissed ould laidy who is that mane an' close as she wouldn't let a crumb dhrap through her fingers for a starvin' canary while she lived; but it's the promise I made to me own dyin' mother that, whin me Aunt Bridget did see fit to lave this airth she has never bettered, I'd go and claim the silver taypot and the Carrickmacross lace shawl the wicked old soul took, which she shouldn't, whin the things was divided."

So Jane thinks if she doesn't keep her promise, and bear away the teapot and the shawl, the spirit of her mother will haunt us here in the studio and make us feel awfully creepy at night. And she is going this very afternoon.

It's only for me and the superstition that she would wrest these treasures from the gnarled, miserly hands of Bridget McCrea. For she said tenderly: "Me darlint, I will bring thim back with me and kape thim for yer weddin' day, for faith they be fine treasures, willed to me own great-grandmother by the great Irish beauty, Lady Mona McDermott, whin me ancestors was in her service."

Jane proposed that a friend of hers, one Molly Dooley, come and guard me during her absence; but Molly is as ugly as Jane without the ameliorating grace of love in her eyes for me, and I knew I should not love Molly, so I have begged off. There is a great, big, brawny, good-natured older girl at the art school—an English girl whom mamma knew in London and whom I have seen something of. After much pleading, I persuaded Jane to let me ask her to come and look after me while the teapot and the shawl were being secured in Albany. Jane growled and demurred.

"I know thim," she said, "an' yer own mother, who has had to be one av thim, though it didn't belong to her to be—she told me niver to let ye get mixed up with thim artists and fakers and anarchists."

"But, Jane——" I argued.

"Yis," she said, "they are all av a piece, the lot. An' Oi've read av their meetin's in the Sunday papers, and sometimes they have spirit-rappin's, or ag'in it's a black man called a Mahatrass, who comes from the East where he ought to have stayed; and faith, he takes a look at ye and tells ye whether yer grandfather swapped horses or was hung; and," she said, her voice raised in alarm, "he knows to-day the things that is goin' to happen to ye to-morrow an' the nixt year, and the kind o' light or dark man ye're goin' to marry—and the saints knows I want ye to be spared such evil knowledge before it comes!"

And as I have been writing Jane has called in to me from the little room opening on the kitchenette, where she is packing: "Me darlint, if that big, rawboned English girl takes ye to any av thim meetin's, don't ye go; ye'll get yer head all up with cobwebs about love, and the future state, and Oi'll come back to find ye married to one o' thim long-haired animals what writes poetry or throws dynamite!"

And so Jane leaves this afternoon and Mildred Bond has telephoned me she will be glad to come and look after me. She will do as a chaperon, for she is fully thirty, and that's the same as being married.

"You *are* a Baby!" She Said, Her Big British Foot Stuck Up on the Brass Fender

She is clever—does posters and magazine-covers—queer, bloodless things, except for the red lips and red hair.

It's funny about artists, how the big, brawny people usually do sublimated or grotesque work, while the little, pale, bushy-looking brutes paint big canvases and red, Rubensesque women.

The master says I am one of the few people who paint as I look. He thinks my work is frank and wholesome, and I may do something good if I'm not too lazy and don't get married.

I feel as if something must happen. Maybe something very interesting will come from Jane's going. It's time; I am seventeen; the journal is begun; who knows?

TUESDAY, APRIL 30.

Well, I have peeped in at the animals! I have done more: I have mingled with them, and one interesting thing—very interesting indeed—has happened.

Perhaps, I should not have disobeyed Jane; but what am I to do all my life: read books and walk miles and miles in the park with my nurse at my heels, and know nobody?

The first night Mildred came she wanted to know if I knew any artists or went to any studio-parties. I told her no.

"You *are* a baby!" she said, her big British feet stuck up on the brass fender. She is rather awful, I'm afraid; she smokes cigarettes, and she asked me, when she arrived, if I did not take a "nightcap."

Well, she said I was a silly not to know about the people who were painting and acting and all that—a perfect silly, if I ever expected to do anything myself; and she laughed at me so that I did feel green as a sunless melon, and admitted that I was a stupid, and begged her to take me somewhere.

We went last night. A very rich woman has a studio downtown over on West Twenty-third Street. She is a Mrs. Morle. I thought her husband was the butler and the butler her husband; one looks so meek and inconsequent and the other so potential. It seems that Mrs. Morle does not paint much, but she gathers the artists all together in her house and feeds them. It is one of the old New York houses with a little grass-plot in front and a pretty old carved doorway. The studio takes up the top floor and has a domed ceiling of opal glass. Above this is a glass roof with red lights in it, so that it looked like a wonderful gold sky illumined with suns of flame.

It was fascinating at first—the hum of voices, the heavy incense in the air, the moving mass of bright and grotesquely arrayed human beings, with a background of old Venetian embroideries and tapestries.

Mrs. Morle posed on a sort of a throne with peacock-colored glass at the back. She wore a long-trained black velvet gown and a tiara, and nothing to speak of about her arms and shoulders. She had the figure of sixteen and the face of sixty. Two very young boys with rosy faces and idiotic expressions danced attendance. Although she smiled and bowed to everybody, I don't think she saw or heard anything except the boys, and I heard her whisper to a woman with the face of sixteen and the portly figure of a grandmother: "My dear, I have them both in my pocket."

Just as Jane had prophesied, there was an Oriental creature who stood in a sort of palanquin and looked like a sacred ox, but he wasn't black or brown. It seemed he was just an American who had gone out and played Hamlet for some of the East Indians. Mildred said: "They wouldn't have stood for it if they had known what he was about." Anyway, he was not a pleasant-looking person, for he had a square head with wide-apart, swimmy, pale eyes. He wore a headdress with a cat's-eye dangling in the middle of his forehead, and a gorgeous embroidered robe with a jeweled girdle, and his body was so long and his legs of so little consequence that he suggested a brilliant caterpillar. Mildred, being perfectly English, didn't introduce me to anybody—just left me at the very beginning to wander about in this strange mass of color and music and perfume and do the best I could.

The sacred ox with the caterpillar body was telling a white-haired old lady who looked sad and poor that she must wear nothing but shimmering silks and gray pearls and rose diamonds. It seemed to cheer her up and she said she would. And then he turned to a little parchment-colored woman in brown. "And you," he said, giving her a mystic smile, "you, O priestess of the inner temple of the soul, you must wear cat's-eyes—great, wonderful, fierce cat's-eyes—symbolizing your seductive, feline spirit—gleaming in the dark, stirring the imaginations of men who behold you!"

I was so interested in this I drew quite close. The ox-eyes rested on me, and I heard the caterpillar murmur: "Pink coral and pink topaz; blue stones, too, to make her all the whiter; yellow and brown topaz like the light in her wondrous hair." This pleased me, of course, just as the sad old lady was pleased, but I was awfully embarrassed and slipped out of sight behind a fat woman who had her lorgnettes bent upon a creature at the piano—yes, a creature—all in white and scarcely anything about her shoulders. I don't know which looked the boldest—her bare, marvelous, white flesh, or her bold, wise face with its gleaming, all-knowing eyes, eyes as wise as the lips of Mona Lisa, only not refined.

The fat woman purred to a man with a red, pointed beard and pointed eye-teeth and soiled finger-nails:

"To think she escaped without having her head cut off!"

"Women succeed in everything now," said he.

"Yes, in some darker day an American woman would not have dared to enter the Shah's harem."

"No, not dared," said the man.

How Little I Dreamed that I, Sophie Van Cort, Would be a Poet's Ideal and Inspiration!

"But we dare all things," said the woman, and her pudgy hand trembled with excitement. "This is the era of feminine expression."

"It is," said the man.

"And she," said the woman, pointing to the baleful white creature at the piano—"she—it was her expression of herself! She felt it! She knew it! She was called to know life beyond the mystic veil of the harem! She went. It was wonderful!"

"It *was* wonderful. None but a woman could have done it."

And I suppose it was wonderful, if that was the way she wanted to express herself, though I don't see why.

The fat lady and the pointed beard fairly suffocated me as they passed by in the jam. Then came another clump of people talking loudly and gesticulating—three thin, small, bedraggled-looking women, all foreheads and eyes and no waist-lines or shoulders—and they said the strangest things.

"Enough of it. We've had enough of it!" shrieked one in a green blouse.

"Yes, we have," said another, waving a yellow pamphlet.

"But you've never been married," said the one with the biggest eyes.

"Suppose I haven't!" tartly shrilled the pamphlet. "I have seen the results of it in the tenements. I tell you those children down there, they ought to be chloroformed—I'd chloroform them myself with my own hands."

She looked so bent upon it I grew quite frightened and moved away to a harpsichord in a corner where a man in a long beard and sandals and the robe of a Carmelite was making what somebody whispered was wonderful Gothic music. It was wonderful, and it must have been florid Gothic. He made the harpsichord whine a while, then he beat with little croquet mallets on a wineskin, then he clanged a brass gong with a hammer. The hostess sent one of the boys to stop him, while the other boy announced in a shrill treble that a debate as to whether the coming woman would marry would begin.

It did! A large, authoritative man, with a head like a silver-skinned onion, got up and said the woman of the future would not have a chance to marry if she continued to be so extravagant and waste her husband's salary on bonnets.

A soft, sentimental gentleman said men would always be willing to marry the women who had pretty faces beneath the bonnets.

A strange woman, stark and angry looking, with all of her features at war below a high, slick pompadour, then took the floor—quite a lot of it, for the people about her looked alarmed and moved out of her way. Somebody whispered she was the great anarchist, and she must have been, for she went on to denounce marriage as a mess and a bond and slavery.

After this something tall and foreign, all over bristles, with eyes bulging like ripe chestnuts, spluttered. But nobody understood him.

A pretty young woman, who at least *looked* modest, said fervently she hoped the day was not far off when women could discharge unsatisfactory husbands as they did cooks.

I was getting rather sick, with the incense and the heat, before this strange discussion began, and, just here, I felt so weak and dizzy I made for a cozy-corner where I saw an open window, and stumbled over a horrid little Buddha into some cushions and an inch of fresh air. I was tired. I could almost have cried. What strange creatures these were! Here they had been haranguing about marriage for ever so long, and not a word had they uttered about little children and home! Not a single word. Not much about love and faith either, and not a breath about the sweetness of children and a woman needing something to love, and a home with all her nice things in it, and some one coming to make herself sweet for in the evening.

I looked out on that strange, turbulent mass of people, and a mind-sickness came over me some way, and I was almost crying when I felt some one was observing me. I turned, and my eyes met those of a Beautiful Being. We looked at one another in silence for some time. The artist in me responded to his loveliness. Beneath the light of a gold-shaded lantern, swinging above his head, he looked as opaque and sublimated as a Burne-Jones ideal. I saw that he was tall and slender, with exquisite, white, transparent skin, blue-veined on the temples, and great, yearning, black-lashed, languorous, violet eyes. His nose was long and slim and slightly aquiline; his lips scarlet, delicate, clear-cut; the expression of the mouth sweet, and slightly satirical. A quantity of thick-curling, golden hair with the light shining on it made a nimbus about the luminous face. He was the only fair and beautiful thing I had found in this turgid place, and I finally gave him an answering smile out of pure gratitude.

"You were almost crying, Aurora, when you stumbled over that squatty little brass god," said the Shining Being in a most beautiful, liquid, alluring voice.

"Was I?" I answered. It seemed quite simple and easy to talk to him.

"Aurora in a junk-shop!" he exclaimed. He came and sat close to me on a great blue cushion with a sprawling yellow dragon. "Tell me, what was it?"

I told him how strange it all sounded to me—the people screaming about marriage and bullyragging it, and not one of them saying a kind word about home and love and little children. He smiled again, a mystic, indulgent smile.

"Ah," he said, "I see you are an alien here, Aurora. You'd better let me call for your hansom of golden clouds, drawn by moonbeams, and go back to your sky. You've no business in this place—you beautiful, wonderful Rose of the Morning!"

Was I a Rose of the Morning? How nice! Nobody has ever told me I was pretty, except Jane, and, of course, she couldn't think of things to say like that. Such pretty fancies!

How foolish, I thought to myself, to be so pleased! I was a poor, little, green goose not really pretty, but only healthy and rosy and Saxon like papa. My hair was nice, but every girl has nice hair and rosy cheeks.

"A flower," whispered the Being, clasping his hands—"a wild rose in Bohemia!"

"No, not at all," I said rather bluntly. "I am not morbid and discolored like those people out there, but I am like dozens of healthy girls you can see riding and walking in Central Park any nice afternoon."

"No," said the Being; "you are only like yourself."

"And you," I said, suddenly catching his reflection in a mirrored panel. "You——" How slim and fawnlike and lovely he was! His long, delicate hand, blue-veined and filbert-nailed, rested upon his cheek. What strange ears he had: pointed at the top and sloping down right into the cheek, without lobes at all, but fitting nice and close to his gold-crowned head! "Oh, I know," I said; "your name is Narcissus! That's it!"

"That's it," he smiled. "Narcissus turned from his own image to worship Aurora, the Rose of the Morning." But, as he said it, I could see he was watching his own beautiful reflection in the mirrored panel.

"The myths say Narcissus worshiped nobody but himself," I said.

"Ah, that was long before he discovered the big rose with petals pink and pearly as the dawn and a heart—a heart of gold."

"Nonsense," I said; "I am just a girl."

"And a bit of a woman, too," he added, bending so close to me that I scented the faint, exotic perfume of the orchid in his buttonhole.

"No," I said, drawing away slightly, "no, I sha'n't be a woman until I am perfectly happy."

"So, you are looking for happiness, Aurora?" He gave a queer up-curving smile. "This is an odd hunting ground!"

"I am not looking," I answered.

"What then?"

"Oh, just feeling it *must* come—some day!"

"And what is your idea of happiness?"

"The fulfillment of what one is."

"And what are you, Aurora?"

"Just a girl. When I am fulfilled I shall be a woman."

"Have you any books up in the clouds?" he asked.

When I told him of my library and the heroines I loved he seemed more amused than ever. Then a lanky woman, with the least clothes of any, parted the curtains and came and knelt at Narcissus' feet on a grinning tiger's head that must have hurt her thinly-covered knees. Her hair, which was red and orange in streaks, was all done in a bunch of Psyche curls, and there was a wreath of ivy around her head. Jephthah's daughter couldn't have had on more arm-things. There were big gold bands above and below her elbows and the rest of the costume was pink, spangled gauze.

"Sapho," said Narcissus.

"My beautiful singer," purred Sapho, "who is this new-found Egeria?"

I didn't like her. "I am not an Egeria," I objected. "My name is Sophie Van Cort, and I am sleepy now, and I want to call Mildred Bond and go home."

"Wait, Egeria," said the ivy-crowned one, "let me tell your fortune."

I had risen. She took my hand.

"Ah," she said, holding my palm under the lantern. "You have suffered."

"Have I? Let me see, I had measles and the other things, but I don't remember. Jane was the one who suffered," I replied, and I'm afraid I yawned.

"Suffered, suffered, I mean!" moaned Sapho. So I tried and tried to think if I hadn't some sorrow I didn't know about; but just then came Mildred's voice, for it seemed she had been standing there some moments.

"You are wrong, Sapho," said Mildred in her cool drawl. "Sophie has just met Arthur. She hasn't suffered yet."

"But—but——" moaned Sapho.

"Oh, never mind, dear!" said Mildred impatiently. "Come along, Sophie; it's time all good little girls were put to bed."

I followed Mildred, and Narcissus followed me, leaving Sapho on the tiger's head with the brass Buddha for company.

"Come, let's go home," said Mildred. "One of Mrs. Morle's boys is going to recite, and we'll be in for it if we don't hurry."

So we pushed and squeezed through the crowd, got our wraps—and, when we reached the door, there was Narcissus. He came out in the chill air beneath the great, big silver moon, and called our cab.

"Mildred, dear, where have you been?" asked Narcissus. "Have not seen you in ages."

"Working for bread and butter, Arthur," said Mildred laconically.

He tucked me in last. "Good-night, Aurora," he whispered. "A garland of dreams for the princess in her castle of clouds!"

We rolled away. Neither Mildred nor I said a word until after she got into her purple kimono with the scarlet border, and sat down by the fire, and I climbed to my balcony, tumbled into bed and began combing my hair.

"Well?" she said.

"Well what?" I was tired and not amiable.

"How did you like it?"

"I don't want to go any more," I said. My hair got all tangled up and I felt irritated. "No, I love the color of it and some of the perfume, and the spectacle of that mass of life; but the people, Mildred, dear—they all seem queer. It's sweet of you to take me, and I'm an ingrate, I know, yet I'd rather live with the people in my old-time books."

"They are a bit rotten," admitted Mildred through the disengaged corner of her big, square mouth. "What did you think of Arthur?"

"Who?"

"Arthur. You know who Arthur is, of course?"

"You mean that beautiful Being with the crinkly, gold hair?"

"Certainly you know he is Arthur Inness."

"Arthur Inness. Who is he, Mildred?"

"You don't mean to say, Sophie, that you don't know Arthur Inness! He is the new Welsh poet who wrote that famous cycle of sonnets, The Nymphs of Orion."

"Are they like the Lay of the Last Minstrel?" I asked.

Mildred gave a disgusted growl; then I conjured my brain.

"Oh, yes," I said feebly, "I believe I did read something——"

"Something!" Mildred's voice was enraged. "Don't you ever look at newspapers, Sophie?"

"Not real newspapers, dear. I read the Sunday papers sometimes."

"And you never read the Cycle?"

"Never, dear. But I do remember seeing pictures of this Mr. Inness and reading something about him." I was sorry to appear so ignorant. Mildred seemed to take the explanations as an affront to the British nation.

"And Then—O Aurora, in Bohemia—in the Fetid Junk-Shop of Life—I Found My Perfect Rose!"

"Arthur is wonderful," she said. "He is the leader among the New Hedonists."

"And who are they, Mildred?"

"Oh, I don't know; get Arthur to tell you, if you ever see him again. Did you like him?"

"I don't know, quite," I replied, curling up and snapping out the electric light. "It is a feeling I can't define. He is beautiful, and he draws interest—it is charm, I think—charm, enchantment. You know in the fairy-tales, Mildred, when the maidens are enchanted, they don't stop to think. They can't."

"No, they can't," said Mildred, who looked like a great Druid priestess down below me in all that blue smoke. If I had known how her green eyes were going to shine at night like a cat's I'd have had Mollie Dooley, who has no eyes to speak of. Mildred is much more interesting, but she never sleeps and she talks very little. A silent woman frightens me; it's so unnatural.

I had a gruesome night and I do feel queer this morning, all head and little tired slits of eyes, though I opened my windows early to let the smoke out. Mildred must have sat in that chair most of the night, because, just as I would drop into a beautiful dream with Narcissus leaning over me and saying the loveliest things and looking like a saint on a Christmas card, "Clank" something would go and I'd be awakened by Mildred knocking that great big, silver bracelet with a padlock against the chair. I wonder why English women love these hideous gyves on their arms. I suppose it is a relic of mediævalism.

I wonder if I shall ever see Narcissus again. He is the sort of elusive Being, I fancy, who might just flit across a girl's path once in a lifetime.

I wonder!

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8.

I have seen nobody but Narcissus for days and days. I've lived Narcissus, dreamed Narcissus, walked with him, sat with him, fed with him constantly. I have had not a moment to write in my journal. The minute I took it up something happened—at least Narcissus happened. How little I dreamed that I, Sophie Van Cort, would be a real heroine—a poet's ideal and inspiration! It's all perfectly lovely, and the romantic part is that it's a secret.

Narcissus came early in the afternoon the day following that queer studio-party. I was all alone, so we went out and sat in Central Park together. It is heavenly to be with him. He makes a fairyland out of every-day surroundings. As we were coming home he made me promise to meet him under the wistaria arbor, near the fountain and the flower-beds, the following day; and it was all to be a secret. Mildred was not to know—nobody was. It would spoil everything, because Narcissus and the Rose of the Morning could not any more endure the unveiling of their secret than could Cupid and Psyche. The dream would vanish—everything would be cold and dreary and real, just as it was in Cinderella when she stayed too late at the ball and her fine clothes turned to ashy rags before she could get into the pumpkin with the white mice.

I can't keep things, usually, but this is all so like a dream that it's not so hard. Of course, I'd tell Jane if she were here, because Jane keeps my conscience; but Mildred is different.

Narcissus and I have a trysting-place and post-office. It is the little florist's shop on Sixth Avenue near Fifty-seventh Street. I can scarcely wait until Mildred goes to her studio in the morning before slipping around the corner for my mail. Oh, such beautiful, beautiful letters and sometimes sonnets with them, and always a bunch of violets or a gardenia! He writes on the sweetest lavender-colored paper with a unicorn and a dove rampant in silver. I have not read his poems. I do not want to know what he felt or thought before he met me. That's silly and jealous, like a girl, I suppose, but I can't help it. I have never had anybody to worship and love and praise me. I have been so lonely; and I am young, and I love love and life and flowers and beautiful love-letters every day from a Being, a wonderful Being, worshiping at my feet.

There is nothing really serious between us. He talked one day of my marrying him. It quite frightened me. I don't want to be married. I just want to be loved and adored and written to and crowned queen of somebody's heart!

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 10.

We had a beautiful time in the park yesterday, but it ended strangely. It was like a fairy-story. There, in the sunlight, all dappled amethyst and gold, sat Narcissus waiting for me. The wistaria arbor is in bloom, and he looked like the beautiful spirit of the gold and violet day. When I came he took my hand and held it for a long, long time. We were silent. He drew my soul through my eyes with his yearning, black-lashed, hypnotic gaze. With the waving clusters of wistaria and the blue sky beyond as a background, he looked like a lovely piece of stained glass, and I wanted to paint him.

"This is the day," he said, "of Narcissus and the Rose of the Morning."

Then he told me how he had dreamed all his life of this day; how he lived for it; how he had gone forth in his youth looking in every maid's face to find the Rose of the Morning, but, until now, the dream had not come true.

(Continued on Page 22)

SAVING BY A PLAN

Little Ways of Building Up a Bank Account

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

ONE of the officers in charge of a Chicago trust company's savings department went over the books, jotted down the names of depositors whose accounts grew rapidly and with greatest regularity, and made it his business to get acquainted with them, one by one. He wanted to find out how they contrived to lay aside more money than, perhaps, ten times as many other depositors whose accounts grew either on the hit-and-miss plan, or not at all.

"How do you do it?" he asked, and in nearly every case it was learned that these prize depositors saved by a definite plan.

"I save money by never spending a cent," explained one man—that is, he kept every copper received in change, paying even for a newspaper with a nickel. The coppers went into a home bank, and were deposited once a month. This was a modest system, but by sticking to it rigidly his account had grown into a snug nest-egg. Another man had a baby, and thought it worth at least a dollar a week, so that was set as a minimum to be saved to send the baby to college. A third depositor had observed that when he owed any one money he had to pay it, so decided that he had better become one of his own creditors. The first week he made out an imaginary bill against himself for a dollar, and came around promptly on pay-night to collect it. The second week he owed himself two dollars, the third week three, and so on up to ten dollars, when he dropped back to a dollar again. Still another depositor saved money on his daily expenses, starting each morning with an allowance of ten cents carfare, twenty-five cents for lunch and twenty cents for cigars. If he walked to work, or smoked only three cigars, or omitted pie at lunch, that was so much saved.

The Annoyed Expression has Led Many a Diner to Infer that He Thinks it Not Enough

There were dozens who saved every coin of a certain date, and others who shaved themselves with safety razors and paid from ten to fifty cents into the bank for each shave. A man who made it a rule to give his wife every dime she found in his pocket at night had a surplus of a hundred dollars at the end of a year. One ingenious plan was that of the depositor who put a silver dollar into a box on pay-night, when money was plentiful. Next night it was a half-dollar, the next a quarter, the next a dime, then a nickel. Sunday was a day of rest, and on the night before pay-day he put in a cent. This made $1.91 a week — enough to carry nearly three thousand dollars in twenty-payment life insurance.

The value of a regular system for saving impressed this trust company official so forcibly that he then tried an experiment on his own hook, making life insurance the basis. When he found a depositor carrying policies he suggested that, instead of the usual scrimping and scurrying once a year to meet premiums, the policyholder pay in one-twelfth of his premium each month, and at the end of the year the trust company would pay the premium by check. Dozens of men adopted this plan, and never realized that it carried a "joker." For after one year of such finance, free from worry, seventy-five per cent. of these policyholders began to roll up savings accounts on the side.

These plans were chiefly of modest proportions, involving pennies, dimes and quarters, and running to a yearly total of, perhaps, two or three hundred dollars. There is a widespread notion that all saving involves such hoarding of small coin. That notion accounts, perhaps, for the fact that wage-earners, who are not above saving nickels, are fundamentally more thrifty than salaried men, who disdain small economies. For it is a truism that the least thrifty of all classes are the men who earn two thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars a year. Their incomes take them "above" savings-banks, yet are not always large enough to bring them into the scope of a checking account. If the salaried man fancies, however, that no such plan can be applied to his finances, let him consider the system by which Mr. Hugh Chalmers laid aside five thousand dollars a year.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Mr. Mappelbeck's series on methods of saving.

The income of a salesman is unlike a salary, for it comes in commissions, and can be expanded by extra effort. Mr. Chalmers formed the saving habit when a boy earning five dollars a week, putting by a definite sum monthly.

When he started out as a salesman he immediately drew up a plan to fit his new conditions. Computing all fixed expenses, such as rent, cost of living, clothing, insurance, etc., he found that $300 a month had to be earned before he could set anything aside. On the first of each month, therefore, he took a sheet of paper, drew a vertical line down the centre, and headed the left-hand column "Expense" and the right-hand "Profit." There was a line for each day, and every night he set down that day's commissions. Everything went into the expense column until three hundred dollars had been cleared. That put a mortgage on each month, and he worked hard to clear it off by the twelfth, or earlier if possible. When this mortgage had been wiped out, then he began to earn money for himself, and set down his daily commissions under "Profit." And because he was now making profits, he worked harder than ever. The last three days of each month were always exciting times for closing up stray sales, for they were *his* if closed before the first, and the landlord's or butcher's if they hung over.

There are literally thousands of these plans for saving, adapted to all conditions and incomes. Bringing them to the surface is an interesting line of research, and a simple one. Go among men and women anywhere. Draw a long, serious face, say that somehow you never seem to get ahead, and ask for advice on saving money. Immediately humanity divides into two classes. One is made up of the Ants, and the other of the Grasshoppers.

The Grasshopper laughs with the dry, harsh note of the cicada itself, and says he has never been able to save, and doesn't believe in maxims or systems. He means to live while he does live, for he expects to be a long time dead. And almost invariably his confession winds up with some reference to stinginess and misers.

Here comes in a curious notion about saving that the non-thrifty hold—this association of thrift with miserliness.

For the true miser is one of the least thrifty persons in the world, judged on basic economical lines. Your unrelenting, greedy usurer, putting out money at criminal interest—*he* may be genuinely thrifty. But the miser?—seldom. He keeps his hoard in a teapot, and it draws no interest. He lets his earning power and "plant" run down for want of food and repairs. He loses profits by lack of shrewdness in spending at the proper time—a vital element in any consistent frugality. Few of the famous misers of history left fortunes worth all their work and pains. The noted Dancers, for instance, brother and sister, who scrimped in partnership through a long life, left but twenty thousand pounds. Among present-day misers, almost any person can bring to mind individuals like a certain New York editor who saved three-fourths of his salary during ten years. He wore cast-off clothes and ate saloon lunches, working and hoarding until his health broke and he was at an end of productive energy. He had ten thousand tucked away in savings-banks. But he only knew how to take care of dimes. So, in a year, his hoard was gobbled by a sharper with a worthless promotion scheme.

The real miser, the simon-pure skinflint, suffers, according to some of the scientific authorities, from a definite mental disorder that induces an exaggerated fear of want. He is a paradox, living in misery for very fear of it. Anecdotes about him belong to the alienist—as that of the London miser who, on his death-bed, having willed a thousand pounds to a hospital, eagerly drew a check for nine hundred and fifty when the trustees assented to his plea for five per cent. off for cash.

When Mr. Grasshopper confuses miserliness with thrift, he reveals how superficially he has thought about the latter. Dig a bit further into him, and probably other errors of financial judgment come to light. The reasons why he has never set aside a surplus are often as good, in the way of suggestion, as the exact plan of Mr. Ant.

"Fine Idea," said Younghusband. "Great!"

As for the Ants, there is never any possibility of confusing them with the Grasshoppers. Ask one for advice, and, as soon as he is assured the inquiry is made in good faith, he enthusiastically unfolds *his* plan of saving.

These plans are as varied as humanity itself. Some persons have so sure an instinct for thrift that probably no system could ever be devised to prevent their saving. Others go it alone with a self-imposed rule of some sort. Others can't save unaided, and need company, and beyond this class, again, there are others who must assume severe obligations. Some of the plans are almost haphazard, and from these the idea may be followed upward into financial programs that have been the basis of success in a whole lifetime.

Among the haphazard plans—what might be called the invertebrates—there are such devices as putting away every coin of a given denomination, of a given date, or each coin of an odd or even date, or all dated earlier than 1880, or 1890, or each coin of the year of one's birth with a fat premium if it is scarce, or each one, or two, or five-dollar bill bearing a certain letter in the four serial marks—A, B, C, or D. Some of these invertebrate plans are a trifle silly, perhaps, but a dash of idiocy may be necessary to create interest, as with an election bet. The chief thing is to get started. After that, habit and the human interest of saving often take care of the rest.

When One Hammered Out a Base the Other Dropped a Dime in His Box

A newspaper reporter had never saved money as a bachelor. Some men begin saving when they marry. He was married, however, and still didn't begin. So after *that*, Fate gave him another chance. It came in the form of a baby. The man who won't begin to save when his first baby arrives is exceptional.

This reporter started among the invertebrates, putting aside every new coin for the baby. His wife did the same. After a few months, though, sorting out new coins became a nuisance. Then a weekly average was struck, and two dollars found to be the rough mean of the hoard, and the baby was put on a little private pay-roll at two dollars a week, and got his wages regularly. A few more months, and the youngster had reached an age where his Dad's departure every morning grieved him deeply. His father set up the practice of giving him a dime to play with, and that eventually became a quarter six days in the week, and then the baby's income was $3.50 a week. So the thing grew. To-day that baby is four years old, and has nearly $600 to his credit in a savings-bank, and each week, to his father's seven half-dollars, the bank now adds an eighth half-dollar in interest.

One of the simple plans is that of a school-teacher who saves a cent the first of each month, two cents the second, three cents the third, and so on to the first again. This runs to an average of $4.78 a month, or $57.38 a year. Almost any man or woman could use two thousand five hundred dollars. This plan becomes thoroughly strenuous if dimes are saved instead of pennies. Add a dollar for every Sunday, and in four years it runs to that amount, with interest besides.

Two baseball players on a big league team got into the habit of betting with one another on base hits. If one batted out a base, the other paid him fifty cents. This private agreement, however, involved a good deal of accounting and collecting, and sometimes a dispute. So each of the parties to it got a small coin box, and when one hammered out a base the other dropped a dime in his box, and a dime for each additional base, or fifty cents for a run.

As there are about one hundred and fifty games in a season, and each brings a player to bat four times, and a fair season's batting average is seventy-five runs and a hundred base hits, with perhaps another hundred bases, this odd plan is likely to run into a snug sum.

Sometimes the man who saves alone depends on a rigid rule under which, come fair, come foul, a certain proportion of his pay *must* be saved weekly. Some divide the income into five parts—two for living, one for dress, one for amusements, vacations, etc., and the remaining fifth for saving. Others find ten per cent. sufficient. Others, again, settle upon a trifling sum, so that there will never be any difficulty in keeping it back, and then adhere to their rule uncompromisingly.

He Kept Every Copper Received in Change

In one of the New York savings-banks they still remember a depositor who years ago came in every Monday night—the only evening the bank was open—to add three dollars to his account. He came so regularly that, as the cashier said, "you could tell time by him." This depositor was a mechanic, and on pay-night liked a social glass with the rest of the boys. The entrance to that bank in those days was rather odd, for its door lay between two other doors, and both of the latter led into saloons. Even with good intentions, a depositor often found himself walking into a bar instead of the bank, and sometimes this one reached the cashier with a general air of its being always fair weather when good fellows get together. But he never failed to arrive.

One wintry Monday night a fearful blizzard raged through the streets of Manhattan. Cars had stopped, nobody was out, hardly any deposits had been made that evening.

"Guess here's where we lose Haggerty and his three bones," observed the cashier. It was five minutes to closing time.

But before the clock struck, in came Haggerty with his usual deposit. For more than ten years he never missed a week. His savings then, at this rate, without interest, would have amounted to one thousand six hundred dollars. But, with interest, he eventually drew more than two thousand five hundred dollars, purchasing a home.

Some men find it necessary to adopt a plan with an element of gambling interest. A certain clerk, fond of playing the races, had his attention called one autumn to that exceedingly knotty part of the encyclopedia dealing with the Law of Probabilities. So he stopped playing "long shots" and made his own book on a few favorites. One hundred dollars was set aside, and he made his wagers against this surplus, drawing out two, or three, or five to one when his horse came in first. When he lost, the bet went into the book. In that way he could afford to play much better horses, and the Law of Probabilities took care of the book in such fashion that it eventually became a snug sheet-anchor to windward. One day a friend asked how he got the first hundred dollars to start with. He confessed that he didn't get it at all, but began by playing against an imaginary hundred. The Law of Probabilities took care of that, too—aided by, perhaps, an indifferent judgment of horses.

About the only way that the stock market can be beaten in speculative play is by putting up margins in the same way, selling long or short, letting one's bank account hold the margins and paying in profits. This might be rather a dangerous plan, however. It may tempt the operator to put up real margins. It may lead him into the same temptation that once involved Uncle Russell Sage's bookkeeper.

He Keeps His Hoard in a Teapot, and it Draws No Interest

Years ago, when Northern Pacific was selling for next to nothing, after the slump following promotion, Uncle Russell Sage's bookkeeper caught the infection of the Street and bought a single share outright. It was his first stock purchase, and his last. Booms and panics came and went, but this bookkeeper never lost his head again. Years went by, and he clung to his single share of Northern Pacific until 1901, when the great battle for the control of that road suddenly sent its stock up to 1000. Then the bookkeeper brought out his share and sold it at a profit of more than $950. But it had taught him a lesson, he said—he would never speculate again.

One excellent saving plan widely followed is that of making up a budget January 1, setting down opposite the last day in each month the aggregate one's surplus must show at the rate of so much saved per week. Then keep up to the budget through the year. Some economists settle on a stated sum to be saved every three months. Others make a checking account with a bank the basis of their economies, because in this way the man who receives the money and the man who pays it out are absolutely separated.

One salaried man with a plan of this sort says that in every instance where he has explained it to a friend, and the latter adopted it, he is fairly certain to be asked two or three years later for advice about investments. In his own case he began by saving five dollars a week until he had a hundred dollars. Then a checking account was opened and all his expenses put on a monthly basis. "A" is the depositor, and earns the money. "B" is the bank, that receives it and pays bills. Rent, food, clothing, amusements and pocket-money are reduced to monthly bills or averages, and the surplus each month is certain to be in the bank because "A" starts by putting everything in.

The annoyed expression of a German waiter when given a dime instead of a quarter has led many a diner to infer that he thinks it not enough. But frequently he is annoyed, not at the size of the tip, but because his method of saving has been interfered with. The German waiter's income trickles in bit by bit, and he has to take steps to conserve it. As soon as five dimes and two quarters are in pocket, he immediately changes them into a dollar bill, and thus has a tangible unit that will not get away. When the dining-room is deserted late in the evening, and he lacks a quarter to make up another dollar, and gets a dime instead, he may mutter under his breath, "Himmel! vot a cheap skate!" But a tip of thirty cents, starting off a new dollar, might have been more disturbing to his exact temperament.

For the man who cannot save alone, it might be well to arrange to have company. Every large office and factory has its clique of two to half a dozen persons who have agreed to bank a certain sum together on pay-day. Bank cashiers see them come in together once a week, or one of the clique banks for all. Out of this plan has grown the building and loan association, an agency for thrift that built cities in its infancy, and then got into an unfortunate period of expansion and speculation that brought it into discredit, and which has now returned to its original field as a mutual and neighborhood institution. Probably no other form of financial institution, taken by and large, is conducted at so reasonable an expense for management.

The right sort of wife often furnishes the element of companionship in thrift. But she needs the right sort of husband. It was a young wife who took the initiative in a certain household after the first baby arrived. Nothing had been saved up to that time.

One night the husband came home and was shown a contrivance with about six pockets, made of cloth, the first marked "Rent," another "Food," a third "Clothes," the fourth "Life Insurance," and so on. At the end hung one of the baby's socks, for surplus, and the idea was to put the income into respective pockets, in requisite proportions, and each week transfer what was left to the baby's sock.

"Fine idea," said Mr. Younghusband. "Great!"

The system was set a-going at once, and for a few months went beautifully. Fundamentally it was good—couldn't have been better for a beginning in economy. But Mr. Younghusband was a born Grasshopper. When he thought of money at all he dreamed of it in great sums, coming in suddenly, and to realize these dreams was perpetually devising schemes for making a fortune quickly. The more he thought of this economy plan the more he saw in it. Giving the little sock a chance to pay dividends was too slow a process. He elaborated the device, applied for a patent on it, put the budding surplus into fees, got up a lot of samples, and spent half his time the next few months trying to market this novelty and make a fortune out of it. When his enthusiasm cooled he had gone into debt. And so ended a saving plan that might have shown a very different result had Mrs. Younghusband kept it to herself.

These are a few of the plans followed by beginners in thrift, and persons with small incomes. Their value lies largely in novelty. For a beginning, it is always well to make the plan both easy and a bit fantastic. Oddity makes human interest.

A Chicago judge hit upon the right idea some months ago. Certain prisoners discharged on parole—petty offenders whose misdemeanors grew out of poverty or bad habits—were sentenced to a bank account. Each paroled prisoner was started off with a pass-book and a balance of five dollars, and required, under penalty of contempt of court, to deposit two dollars monthly for a year, drawing nothing out.

The purpose of such a sentence, of course, is to give a ne'er-do-well an opportunity to see for himself how money grows. Few human virtues have such intrinsic vitality as thrift. The man or woman who builds up a hundred-dollar account by dimes and fifty-cent pieces is almost certain to start on the second hundred with wholly new habits, and a new conception of life. The improvident man or woman, scoffing at "Poor Richard" and his "Way to Wealth," have in very few instances given economy even this brief trial.

In thousands of shops, offices and factories there are men on salaries and wages who could go out to-morrow and find places that would pay ten to fifty per cent. more money. But they never go, simply because the whole current of their affairs and thoughts rushes forward anxiously to next week's pay-envelope. A change of employment or employers might mean a difference of several hundred per cent. on the returns for their working lives as a whole. They never make the change, however, because they cannot finance it.

But, with Interest, He Eventually Drew More Than $2500, Purchasing a Home

Grasshopper on salary passes one month of the year, as a rule, in a little inferno of alternating hopes and fears. He goes down into it December first, and stays there until New Year, and gets into such a state of nerves and worry that a ruler dropped behind him would lift him from the floor. "Will the firm raise my salary?" That is the problem that troubles him. If the hoped-for increase really comes, however, it means only a week or two of joy. Then his outgo sweeps prodigally up to the new salary, bringing usually a few more folderols and sundries rather than new comforts of solid worth. He is going ahead just a little more *vivace*.

Ten years ago he earned fifteen dollars a week, five years ago thirty dollars, this year forty dollars. Ask him if he lived comfortably on twenty-five dollars, and he admits that he did. Would he have considered thirty dollars then a salary upon which he might save something? He concedes that he would. Well, on the basis of thirty dollars for living he should have saved fifteen hundred dollars the past five years. Where is it? Grasshopper laughs, and echo answers "Where?" With each successive increase of income he has probably acquired a new habit—the habit of orchestra seats instead of the balcony, cabs instead of trolleys. He has tried many other habits, perhaps, relinquishing some because they were too costly or not congenial. But the astonishing thing about Grasshopper is that he has never given the thrift habit a decent trial to see how he might like it.

The thrift habit, of course, doesn't care. A good many wiseacres have been at pains the past twenty-five centuries to organize a sort of propaganda for it, and put it into maxims and generalities. But the thrift habit doesn't need a propaganda—it asks merely a trial, and cheerfully refunds money in case of dissatisfaction, or will exchange for something else in the habit line. It has plenty of adherents among the Ants, who have tried it, and seen the point, and finance themselves from place to place, and finance the world from age to age.

Jones was Lonesome

FORMER Senator Jones, of Nevada, who quit the Senate several years ago, met Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, who had just resigned.

"Spooner," said Jones, "I hear you are going to quit."

"Yes," Spooner replied.

"What for?"

"What did you quit for?" asked Spooner.

"Why," replied Jones, "I quit because I was lonesome. There were so many new Senators coming in that I didn't know half of them by sight."

The Prettiest Girl and the Homeliest Man

Right After Supper, that Medicine Outfit Played in Front of Silverstein's

An Epidemic of Bliggers and What it Brought to Alec Lloyd

BY ELEANOR GATES

AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL

I'M JUST square 'nough to own up it was one on me. But I reckon I can *afford* to be honest, and let anybody snicker that wants to—seein' the way the hull thing turned out. 'Cause how 'bout that party from Noo York? Say! he ain't cheeped since! And me? Wal, all *I* got to do if I want to feel happier'n a frog in a puddle is to lean back, shut my two eyes and say: "Ladies and gents, this is where you git the Blackfoot Injun Root-ee, the Pain Balm, the Cough Balsam, the Magic Salve and the Worm Destroyer—the fi-i-ive remedies for two dollars!"

That medicine-show outfit hit Briggs City toward sundown one day, in a prairie-schooner drawed by two big, white mules. It druv up to the eatin'-house. Out got a smooth-faced, middle-aged feller in a linen duster and half a' acre of hat—kinda part judge, part scout, y' savvy; out got two youngish fellers in fancy vests and gray dicers; next, a' Injun in a blanket, and a lady in a yalla-striped shirtwaist. Wal, sir, it was just like they'd struck that town to shuffle up things for me! 'Cause it was that *very* night a brand-new deal was laid out on the table for you' little Alec!

The show hired the hall over Silverstein's store. Then one of them fancy vests walked up and down Front Street, givin' out handbills. The other sent word to all the ranches clost by, and the Injun went 'round to them scattered houses over where "Hairoil" Johnson and Doc Trowbridge lives.

Them handbills read somethin' like this:

The Renowed Blackfoot Medicine Company Gives its First Performance To-Night! Grand Open-Air Band Concert. Come One, Come All. Free! Free! Free! 3—The Marvelous Murrays—3. To-Ko the Human Snake, The World Has Not His Equal. Miss Vera de Mille in Bewitchin' Song and Dance. America's Greatest Nigger Impersynater. The Favorite Banjoist of the Sunny South. Injun Shadda Pictures——

Oh, and a hull lot more I can't just *recall*.

When I seen that such a big bunch was a-goin' to perform, I walked over and peeked into that schooner. I figgered, y' savvy, that they was some more people in it that hadn't come out yet. But they wasn't—only boxes and boxes of bottles.

Right after supper, that medicine outfit played in front of Silverstein's. The judge-lookin' feller beat the drum, the Injun blowed a big brass dinguss, the gal a clari'net, and the two other fellers some shiny instruments curlier'n a pig's tail. But it was bully; that's all *I* got to say, and drawed like a mustard-plaster. 'Cause whilst in Oklahomy a *Injun* show don't count for much, bein' that we got our fill of Injuns; all the same, with music throwed in, Briggs City was there. And Silverstein's hall was just jam-packed.

The front seats was took up by the town kids, a-course. Then come the women and gals—a sprinklin' of men amongst 'em; back of *them*, the cow-punchers. And in the rear end of the place a dozen or so of niggers and such. Whilst they was a wait for the show to begin, the punchers done a lot of laughin' and callin' to each other, and makin' some consider'ble noise. I was 'long with the rest, only up in one of the side windas, sittin' on the sill and swingin' my hoofs.

When the show opened, they was first a fine piece—a march, I reckon—by the band. All the time, more people was a-comin' in. 'Mongst 'em was Doc Trowbridge and his wife, and a cityfied cuss I hadn't saw afore; then a gal—— Say! it was the same little gal I seen that one time at the Odd Fellows' picnic, and 'd never been able to locate.

"Hairoil," I whispered (he was sittin' byside me), "who's that?"

"Tha-a-at?" answers Hairoil, makin' a turrible face; "that's Slocum, a Noo York tenderfoot, that's come out to the Bar Y ranch to see what Western life is like——"

But I cut him short. "*Not* the feller," I says. "I ast 'bout the *gal*."

"Why, she's Billy Trowbridge's sister-in-law," says Hairoil; "ole man Sewell's youngest daughter. She's been up to St. Louis, goin' to school. Her name's Macie."

"Macie—Macie Sewell—Macie," I said it over to myself two or three times. Sounded awful pretty to me. The band was still a-playin', but I didn't pay much attention to it. I kept a-watchin' the slim little figger a-settin' 'twixt Billy and the tenderfoot—a-watchin' till I plumb forgot where I was, almost. Never'd saw a perter haid or a cuter face—side-view. They was two or three good-lookin' gals at the eatin'-house them days, but they couldn't hold a *candle* to *this* one. "Macie—Macie Sewell."

Say, Them Eyes of Hern Come Nigh Pullin' Me Plumb Outen that Winda!

Just then, I'm another if she didn't look 'round! And square at me! She wasn't smilin'—just sober, and sorta inquirin'. Her eyes looked dark and big. She had a square little chin, like the gals you see drawed in pictures, and they was some soft, white lacy stuff restin' ag'in' her neck. Took it all in whilst she looked—me lookin' straight back at her. Say, them eyes of hern come nigh pullin' me plumb outen that winda!

Then the Judge come out on to the platform, and she faced forrards again. "Ladies and gents," says the ole feller, talkin' like his mouth was full of mush, "we have come to give you' enterprisin' little city a free show. A free show, ladies and gents—it ain't goin' to cost you a *nickel* to come here and enjoy you'self ev'ry night. More'n that, we plan to stay as long as you want us to. And we plan to give you the very best talent in this hull United States."

All this time the fancy-vest fellers was layin' a carpet and fixin' a box and a table on the stage. The Judge, he turned and waved his hand. "Our first number," he says, "will be the Murrays in they marvelous act."

Wal, what do you think? The fancy-vests and the lady was the Marvelous Murrays! And they was all in pink circus clothes. "Two brothers and a sister, I guess," says Hairoil. I should *hope* so! 'Cause the way they jerked each other 'round was 'nough to bring on a fight if they hadn't 'a' been relations. All three of 'em could walk on they hands nigh as good as on they feet, and turn somersaults quicker'n lightnin'. But when the somersaultin' and leap-frogin' come to oncet, it was grand! First the big feller'd git down; then the other'd step on to his back. And, as the big one bucked, his brother'd fly up—all in a ball, kinda—spin 'round two or three times, and light right side up. And they stood on each other's faces like they'd plumb flat 'em out!

When they was done, they all come to the edge of the platform, the lady kissin' her hand. All the punchers kissed back!

Wal, ev'rybody laughed then, and clapped, and the Judge brought on the Injun. That Injun was smart, all right. Wiggled his fingers behind a sheet and made 'em look like animals, and like people that was walkin' and bowin' and doin' jigs. I wondered if Macie Sewell liked it. Guess she did! She was a-smilin' and a-whisperin' to Billy and to Rose. But not much to Slocum, *I* thought. Oh, I was glad of that! Wasn't *none* of my business, a-course. '*Course* it wasn't. But, just the same, whenever I seen him lean clost to her, it shore got under my skin.

The Judge was out again. "Miss Vera de Mille," he says, "will sing Wait Till the Sun Shines, Maggie." Wal, if I hadn't 'a' had reasons for stayin', I wouldn't 'a' waited a *minnit*—regular thrashin'-machine, in place of a voice, y' savvy. What's more, she was only that Marvelous Murray woman in diff'rent clothes! (No wonder they wasn't no more people in that outfit!) But I didn't care 'bout the show. I just never took my eyes offen——

She looked my way again!

Say! did you ever git roped?—Right 'round you' shoulders, so you was plumb helpless? Wal, that look of hern was a lasso, pullin' me to her, steady and shore. "Macie—Macie Sewell," I whispered to myself.

"You blamed idjit," says Hairoil, out loud, almost, "what's the matter with you? You'll have me outen this winda in a minnit!"

The Judge was bowin' some more. "We have now come to the middle of our program," he says. "But 'fore I begin announcin' the last half, which is our best, I want to tell you all a story.

"Ladies and Gents, I come to Briggs to bring you a message—a message which I feel bound to deliver. And I've gone through a turrible lot to be able to stand here to-night and say to you what I'm goin' to say

"Listen! Years ago, a little boy, 'bout so high, with his father and mother and 'leven sisters and brothers, started to cross the plains with a' ox-team. They reached the Blackfoot country safe. But there, ladies and gents, a turrible thing happened to 'em. One day, more'n four hundred Injuns surrounded they wagon and showed fight. They fit 'em back, ladies and gents, the father and the mother and the children, killin' a good many bucks and woundin' more. But the Injuns was too many for that pore family. And in a' hour the reds had captured one little boy—whilst the father and the mother and the 'leven sisters and brothers was no more!" (The Judge, he sniffed a little bit.)

"The little boy was carried to a big Injun camp," he goes on. "And it was here, ladies and gents—it was here he seen *wonderful* things. He seen them Injuns that was wounded put some salve on they wounds and be healed; he seen others, that was plumb tuckered with fightin', drink a blackish medicine and git up like new men. Natu'lly, he wondered and wondered what was *in* that salve, and what was *in* that medicine. Wal, he made friends with a nice Injun boy. He ast him *questions* 'bout that salve and that medicine. He learnt what plants was dug to make both of 'em. Then, one dark night, he crawled outen his wigwam on his hands and knees. Behind him come his little Injun friend. They went slow and soft to where was the pony herd. They caught up two fast ponies, climbed on to 'em, dug in they spurs, and started Eastwards as fast as they could go. The white boy's heart was filled with joy, ladies and gents. He had a secret in his bosom that meant health to ev'ry *man, woman* and *child* of his own race. As he galloped along he said to himself: 'I'll spend my *life* givin' this priceless secret to the world.'

"Wal, ladies and gents, that's what he begun to do—straight off. And to-night, my dear friends, that boy is in Briggs City!" (A-course, ev'rybody begun then to look 'round for him.) "Probably," goes on the Judge, "they's more'n a hundred people in this town that'll thank Providence he come: they's little children that won't be orphans, they's wives that won't be widdas. For he is anxious to tell 'em of a remedy that will cure a-a-all the ills of the body. And, ladies and gents, *I*—am—that—boy!"

The punchers was so excited 'bout the story, and so tickled, that they hollered and stamped and banged and done 'bout twenty dollars' worth of damage to the hall.

"My friends," goes on the Judge, "I have *pre*pared, aided by my dear Injun comrade here, the sev'ral kinds of medicines discovered by the Blackfeet." (The fancy-vests, rigged like Irishmen, was fixin' a table and puttin' bottles on to it.) "I have these wonderful medicines with me, and I sell them at a figger that leaves only profit 'nough for the five of us to live on. I do *more'n* that. Ev'rywhere I go I *present*, as a soovyneer of my visit, a *handsome, solid-gold watch and chain.*"

Out come that singin' lady, holdin' the watch and chain in front of her so's the crowd could see. My, what a lot of whisperin'!

"This elegant gift," *con*tinues the Judge, "is awarded by means of a votin' contest. And it goes to the prettiest gal."

More whisperin', and I seen a brakeman git up and go over to talk to another railroad feller. Wal, *I* didn't have to be tole who was the prettiest gal.

"Ladies and gents"—the Judge again—"in this contest *every*body is allowed to vote. All a person has to do is to take two dollars' worth of my medicines. Each two-dollar buy gives you ten votes for the prettiest gal, and to add a little fun to the contest, it also gives you ten votes for the homeliest man. If you buy these medicines you'll never want to buy no others. Here's where you git the Blackfoot Injun Root-ee, my friends, the Pain Balm, the Cough Balsam, the Magic Salve and the Worm Destroyer—the fi-i-ive wonderful remedies for two dollars!"

Then he drawed a good, long breath and begun again, tellin' us just what the diff'rent medicines was good for. When he was done, he says—playin' patty-cake with them fat hands of hisn—"Now *who'll* be the first to buy, and name a choice for the prettiest gal?"

Up jumps that brakeman. "Gimme two dollars' worth of you' dope," he says, "and drop ten votes in the box for Miss Mollie Brown."

(Eatin'-house waitress, y' savvy.)

"And the ugliest man?" ast the Judge, whilst one of the fancy-vests took in the cash and handed over the medicine.

"Monkey Mike," answers the brakeman. Then the boys begun to devil Mike.

"And You Can Chalk Down Twenty Votes for Miss Macie Sewell"

"I'm a sucker, too!" hollers the other railroad feller. "Here's ten *more* votes for Miss Brown."

Just then, in she come—pompydore stickin' up like a haystack. The railroad bunch, they give a cheer. Huh!

I got outen that winda and on to my feet. "Judge," I calls, puttin' up one hand to show him who was a-talkin', "here's *four* dollars for you' rat-pizen. And you can chalk down twenty votes for Miss Macie Sewell."

Say! can't you hear them Bar Y punchers?—"*Yip! yip! yip! yip! yip! yip! ye-e-e!*" A-course, all the *other* punchers, they hollered, too. And whilst we was yellin', that tenderfoot from Noo York was a-jabberin' to the Doc—madlike. But Macie Sewell? Wal, she was laughin' and blushin', and lookin' back, and shakin' that pretty haid of hern—at *me!*

I was so excited I didn't know whether I was a-foot or a-horseback. But I knowed 'nough to *buy*, all right. Wal, that medicine went like hot-cakes! I blowed *myself*, and Hairoil blowed *hisself*, and the Bar Y boys cleaned they pockets till the bottles was piled up knee-high byside the benches. And whilst we shelled out, the Judge kept on a-goin' like he'd been wound up: "Here's *another* feller that wants Root-ee! And here's another over on this side! And, lady, it'll be good for you, too; yes, ma'am. The Blackfoot Injun Root-ee, my friends, the Pain Balm, the Cough Balsam, the Magic Salve and the Worm Destroyer—the fi-i-ive remedies for two dollars!"

When I come to, a little while later on, the hall was just 'bout empty, and Hairoil was pullin' me by the arm to git me to move. I looked 'round for Macie Sewell. She was gone, and so was Billy Trowbridge and Rose and that tenderfoot. Outside, right under my window, I ketched sight of 'em goin' past—knowed 'em by her white dress. "Macie," I whispers to myself—"Macie Sewell."

That night I couldn't sleep. I was upset, kinda, and just crazy with thinkin' how I'd help her to win out. And I made up my mind to this: If more votes come in for Mollie Brown than they did for the gal that *ought-a* have 'em, why I'd just shove a gun under that Judge's nose and tell him to "count 'em over and *count 'em right.*" 'Cause, I figgered, no eatin'-house gal with a face like a flat-car was a-goin' to be 'lected the prettiest gal of Briggs. Not if *I* see myself; *no*, ma'am. 'Specially not while Sewell's little gal was in the country. Anybody could pick her for the winner, if they had on blinders. "Alec," I says, "you hump you'self!"

Next day the Judge he give consultin's in the eatin'-house sample-room. I went over and had a talk with him, tellin' him just how I wanted that votin' contest to go. He said he wished me luck, but that, if the railroad boys felt they needed his medicine, he didn't believe he had any right to keep 'em from buyin'. And, a-course, when a feller made a buy, he wanted to vote like he pleased. Said the best thing was to git hole of folks that'd met Miss Sewell and liked her, or'd worked for her ole man, or'd just as lief do me a good turn.

I hunted up Billy. "Doc," I says, "I *hope* Briggs ain't a-goin' to name that Brown waitress as its best sample. Now ——"

"Oh, well," says Billy, "think how it'd tickle her!"

"Tickle some other gal just as much," I says. "And the *prettiest* gal ought to be choosed. Now, it could be fixed—*easy.*"

"Who do you think it ought-a be?" ast Billy, lookin' sly.

"Strikes me you' wife's little sister is the pick."

"H-hem!" says Billy, diggin' me in the ribs. (But he was on my side, O. K.)

"Now, Doc," I goes on "the way for *you* to help is *to prescribe that medicine.*"

"To folks that don't need no medicine?" says Billy. "Oh, I don't like to." (Billy's awful white, Billy is.) "It won't do 'em any good."

"Wal," I says, "it won't do 'em any *harm.*"

Billy said he'd see.

"Or," I goes on, "you could let it out that somebody in town'd been cured by the stuff."

"Only make them railroad fellers buy more."

"That's so. Wal, I guess the best thing for me to do is to hunt up people with a misery and tell 'em they'd better buy—and vote my way."

Billy throwed back his head and haw-hawed. "You're a dickens of a feller!" he says. "When you want to have you' own way, I never seen *any*body that could think up more gol-darned things."

"Wal," I answers, "if that Root-ee just had a lot of forty-rod mixed in it it'd be easier'n all git out to talk fellers into takin' it. And if they'd try *one* bottle they'd shore take *another.*"

"*Now*, Alec," says Billy, like he was goin' to scolt me.

"Or, if ole man Baker'd take the stuff and git his hearin' back."

"No show. Nothin' but sproutin' a new ear'd help Baker."

Next person I seen was that Noo York tenderfoot. He was a-settin' on Silverstein's porch, teeterin' hisself in a chair. "Doc," I says, "I'm goin' over to put that critter up to buyin'. He's got money; he might just as well spend it."

Slocum was uppy, and made some remark 'bout a gal's name bein' "handed 'round town," and that a votin' contest was "vulgar."

Wal, he put it so slick that I didn't just git the hang of what he was drivin' at. All the same, I felt he was layin' it on to me, somehow. And if I'd 'a' been shore of it, I'd 'a' knocked him down.

Wish now I had—on gen'ral principles. 'Cause, thinkin' back, I know *just* what he done. If he didn't, why was him and that Root-ee Judge talkin' together so long at the door of Silverstein's hall—talkin' like they was thick, and laughin', and ev'ry oncet in a while lookin' toward me?

I drummed up a lot of votes that afternoon. Got holt of Buckshot Milliken, who wasn't feelin' more'n ordinary good. Ast him how he was. He put his hand to his belt, screwed up his mug, and said he felt plumb eaten up inside.

"Buckshot," I says, "anybody else'd give you that ole sickenin' story 'bout

Only a Stay-Chain Could 'a' Holt Me Then

it's bein' the whisky you drank last night. Reckon you' wife's a'ready tole you that?"

"That's what she has," growls Buckshot.

"Wal, *I* knowed it! But is she *right*? Now, *I* think, Buckshot, I think you've got the *bliggers*." (Made it up on the spot.)

"The bliggers!" he says, turrible scairt-like.

"That's what I think. But all you need is that Root-ee."

He perked up. "Shore of it?" he ast.

"Buy a bottle and try. And leave off drinkin' anythin' else whilst you're takin' the stuff, so's it can have a fair chanst. In a week you'll be a new man."

"I'll do it," he says, makin' for that prairie-schooner.

I calls after him: "And, say, Buckshot, ev'ry two dollars you spend with them people, you git the right to put in ten votes for the prettiest gal. Now, most of us is votin' for ole man Sewell's youngest daughter." Then, like I was tryin' hard to recollect, "I *think* her name is Macie."

"All right, Alec. So long."

Met Sewell a little bit later. Went right up to him—hot-footed. 'Cause for two reasons: First, I wanted *him* to do some buyin' for his gal; then, I wanted to find out if he needed another puncher on the Bar Y.

Ole feller was nice as could be. Said he'd want a man the first of the month to ride line. Hired me on the spot. But 'bout the other proposition, he wouldn't do a lick. Said he knowed his gal, Mace, was the prettiest gal in Oklahomy, and it didn't need no passel of breeds or quacks to cut her out of the bunch of heifers.

All the same, I was plumb set on havin' her win, and, 'fore night, I rounded up as many as five people that had a bony fido grunt comin', and was glad to hear the grand things Doc Trowbridge said 'bout Root-ee!

Wal, when the show started up in the hall after supper, and I slid in to take my seat in the winda, a lot of people—women and kids and men—kinda turned round towards me and whispered and grinned. "They know I'm for Macie Sewell," I says to myself, "but they can't josh me!"

That Blackfoot Injun, who was turned into To-Ko, the Human Snake, was a-throwin' squaw-hitches with hisself. The Judge come to the edge of the platform, and pointed over his shoulder at him. "Do you think he could do that if he didn't take Root-ee?" he says. "Wal, he couldn't. Root-ee makes a man as limber as a willa. Ladies and gents, it's wonderful what that remedy can do! It'll prolong you' life, make you healthy, wealthy, happy and wise. Here you get the Blackfoot Injun Root-ee, the Pain Balm, the Cough Balsam, the Magic Salve and the Worm Destroyer—the fi-i-ive remedies for two dollars!"

Say! It made my jaw plumb tired just to listen to him!

"Hairoil," I says to Johnson, "they got the names of the prettiest gals up on the blackboard, but where's the names of the homeliest men?"

Johnson snicked a little. Then he pulled his face straight and said that, bein' as Monkey Mike had kicked up a turrible fuss 'bout the votes that was cast for him, why, the Judge had *de*cided to keep the homeliest-man contest a secret.

Wal, I didn't care—was only interested in the way the prettiest gal countin' 'd come out. I got holt of Dutchy, who'd come in from his thirst parlor to look on a minnit.

"Buyin', Dutchy?" I ast.

"Nix."

"But I reckon you need Root-ee, all the same. Do you ever feel kinda full and stuffy after meals?"

"Yaw."

"Now don't that show? Dutchy, I'm sorry, but it's a cinch you got the bliggers."

Wal, *he* bit.

The station-agent was standin' right next me. "Alec," he whispers, "I hear you got a candidate in for the prettiest gal. What you say 'bout runnin' as the homeliest man?"

"No," I answers quick; "I don't hanker for the honor." (That'd hurt me with *her*, y' savvy.) Then I begun chinnin' with Sparks, that owns the corral.

"Great stuff, that Root-ee," I says. "Reckon the redskins knowed a lot more 'bout curin' than anybody's ever give 'em credit for. Tried the medicine yet, Sparks?"

Sparks said no, he didn't think he needed it.

"Wal, a man never knows," I goes on. "Now, mebbe, of a mornin', when you wake up, you feel tired and stretchy; wish you could just roll over and take another snooze."

"Bet I do!"

"That ain't right, Sparks." And I turned in and give a Root-ee talk.

But he hung off till I tole him 'bout the scheme of that railroad bunch. Seems that Sparks had a grudge ag'in' the eatin'-house 'cause it wouldn't give him trainmen's rates for grub. So he fell right into line.

Macie Sewell didn't come to the show that night, so I didn't stay long. Over the bunk-house I got a piece of paper and some ink and (ain't ashamed of it, *neither*) wrote down her name. Under it I put mine. Then, after crossin' out all the letters that was alike, and countin' "Friendship, love, indifference, hate, courtship, marriage," it looked like this

Macie Sewell—friendship
Alec Lloyd—marriage

By jingo, I reckon it stood just 'bout that way!

Next mornin', whilst I was standin' outside the post-office, she come ridin' up! Say! all to oncet my heart got to goin' somethin' turrible—'fraid she'd hear it; no josh. My hands felt weak, too, so's I could hardly pull off my hat, and my ears got red and my tongue thick. Felt like the time I got offen the trail in Arizony and didn't have no water for two or three days.

She seen me, and smiled sorta bashful.

"Miss Sewell," I says, "can I ast for you' mail? Then you won't have to git down."

"Oh, thank y'."

When I give it to her I'd got my sand back a little. "I hope," I says, "that you didn't mind my puttin' you' name up in that votin' contest. Did y'?"

"Why—why, no."

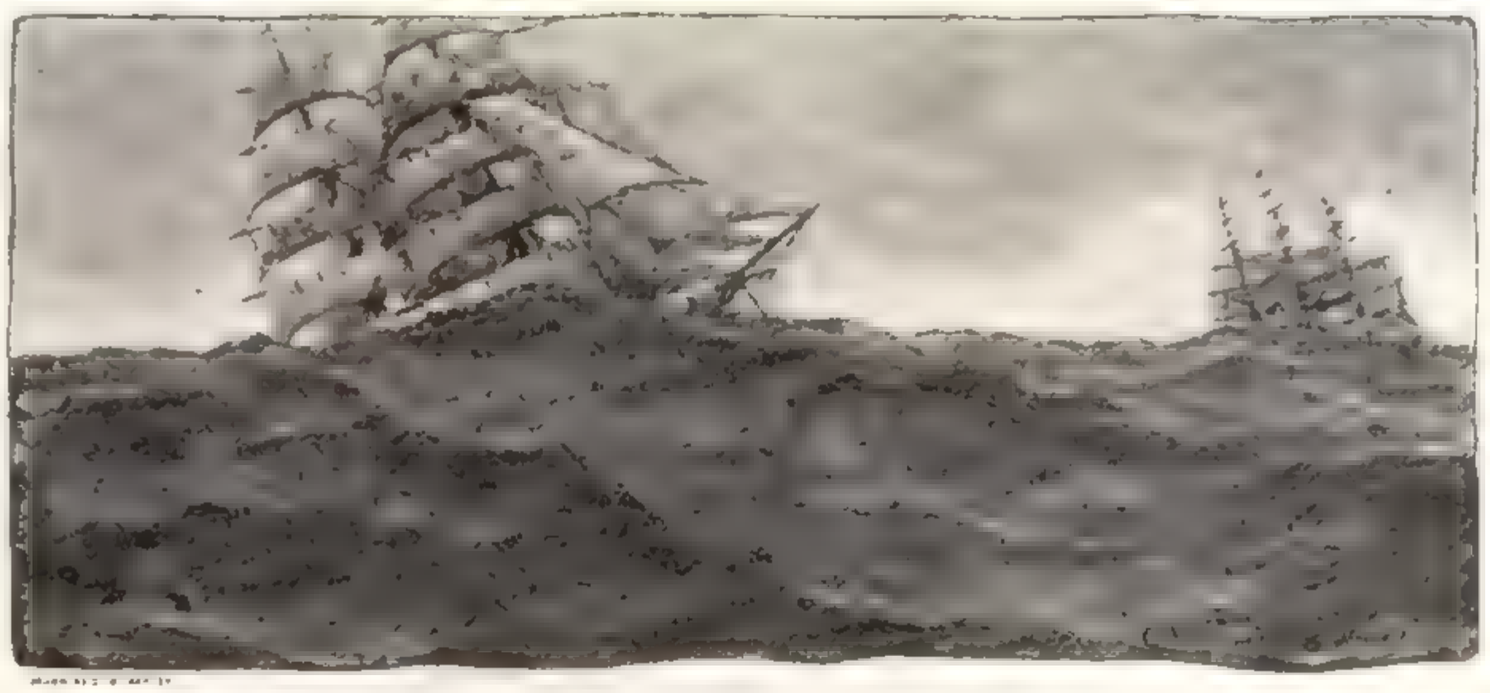
"I'm awful glad. And, say, I'm comin' out to the Bar Y the first, to ride line."

(Concluded on Page 81)

THE SOLDAN'S NAVIGATOR

The Brig that Sailed with Destiny as Passenger

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON



THE brig Soldan lay over her anchor in the harbor of St. Pierre, and all about her the velvet tropic night hung in an impressive hush. The bay swept out to palm-feathered headlands beyond them; and inshore the lamps of the city rose in bows and terraces on the high slopes of Martinique. Farther back yet, a sombre bulk in the depths of the darkness, Pelée rose over all, a climax to the scene. The brig floated in an absolute detachment, a cell of life aloof from the humanity of the town, a little community apart.

The deck of the Soldan was lifeless save for the man who took the first hours of the anchor watch, and the last quarter of the tropic moon came up over the shoulder of Mont Pelée and shed a light on the harbor. The deck gleamed white under it, the spars and the rigging were abrupt silhouettes, an intricate skeleton of gear; and across the water the beams made a great lane of radiance. The seaman on watch, a tall negro, sat on the hatch staring landward, dimly and uncomprehendingly intrigued with the wonder spread before him.

"It's a show," he murmured dreamily. "Yes, it's surely a show."

He watched it in silence, smoking contemplatively, his black face upturned and bathed in serene moonlight, content to see without defining, to feel without naming, the splendor of the night. Four hours were his to watch alone, and a pair slipped by insensibly.

"Ah don't blame de cap'n for stoppin' ashore so long, Ah don't," he said, as he moved to refill his pipe. "Dis is de place to stop in. It surely is."

It was then that the far noise of oars reached him, and he slouched lazily to the rail. A boat was moving somewhere; the huge shadow of Pelée hid it as yet, but the sound of rowing was plain to hear. Jordan, the negro, waited contentedly for her to emerge into the moonlight, and marked her at last for a dingey with two men pulling and a third seated in the stern.

"Gosh, if she ain't headin' this way!" he exclaimed. Even then he caught a sudden outburst of music from the town, a high scream of reeds and the threatening monotone of the drums. He thought the man in the boat stood up and looked back

"What in creation ——" he wondered, and suddenly it occurred to him. "De cap'n," he ejaculated. "It'll be cap'n. Gosh!"

He threw down a coiled brace upon a pin and stood by to cast a line to the boat. The man who pulled bow shipped his oar and caught it, and the captain, stepping into the main chains, came aboard.

"Pile those things in the cabin," said the captain. "Send the mate to me on the poop and call all hands."

"Yes, sah," responded the negro obediently. Something in the captain's voice, neither urging nor any imperiousness, but a cold quality of unconscious command, something unwonted and daunting, spurred him to haste He woke Mr. Gammon, the chief mate, who got up wonderingly, roused the second mate and passed forward to call the men.

Mr. Gammon, an expert and a precisian, dressed in two and a half minutes, smoothed his hair and came before the captain point-device in his equipment. The captain was aft by the wheel-box, leaning with his elbow on a spoke.

"Good-evening, sir," said Mr. Gammon formally. "All's well aboard, sir, and glad to see you again."

The captain returned no answer to his greeting. In the shadow of his wide hat-brim the mate could see his face white like dead flesh

"Loose all sail," said the captain at last, "and man the capstan."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Mr. Gammon mechanically. As he turned to obey he felt a rising breeze touching his face. The men were already coming on deck, and the second mate met him at the foot of the poop ladder.

"The skipper's on the poop, Jordan says," began the second mate. Mr. Gammon stopped.

"Put the hands to loosing all sail, Mr. Lewis," he commanded. "Hurry, please; they'll be wanted on the capstan in ten minutes."

Forthwith the bustle of work broke out. The trim yards lost their trimness as the men loosed the gaskets and the canvas fell into the gear. The moon lighted them, and Mr. Gammon's lantern, as he cleared the windlass, was pale in its gleam. The voices of the sailors shattered the sanctified stillness of the night, and presently these joined in a mellow chanting, timed to the clanking of the pawls as both watches breasted the bars and tramped round the capstan. The grand old melody, the tune of pig-tailed mariners who sailed over the borders of the charts to see wonders, rang magnificently as the windlass gathered in

the cable link by link, while Mr. Gammon lay on his belly to watch it in at the hawsehole.

Heave, my lads, yo ho!
For Californ-i-o!
There's plenty of gold
As I've been told
On the banks of the Sacramento!

"'Vast heaving!" shouted Mr. Gammon. He rose to his feet and bawled aft: "Anchor's a-trip, sir!"

There was a pause ere the answer came, and the men, trooping from the bars, halted for it in surprise.

"Set tops'ls," it came at last.

"Seems the Old Man's lost his voice," remarked one of the men. "It weren't his way of old to speak as quiet and politeful."

The brig was well manned; the time had not yet come when shipowners pared farthings and grudged sailors and banished studding-sails from their ships because they needed men to handle them. So Lewis called away the starboard watch and led them aft to set the maintopsails. When the upper topsail halliards were passed out, he had to go on the poop and stand well aft to watch the yard mount and govern the hoisting. The captain was still standing by the wheel, his eyes fastened to the lights in the town. Lewis touched his cap, but gained no response. He started and turned his head for a moment only, as the men commenced to lift the yard, to the old dot-and-carry-one strain of "Haul on the bowline"; then resumed that silent, shoreward gaze.

The little breeze strengthened as they lifted the anchor to the hawsehole, and the captain stood aside when a man came aft to take the wheel. Mr. Gammon was at his station on the forecastle, Lewis at his on the poop, and the captain walked to the binnacle to set the course. The light over the compass shone in his face, so that the second mate could see it. It was dead in its pallor; the cheek-bones stood out hard; the brows were high over the deep eyes. It was a face of misery; pain spoke aloud in it, pain and trouble of mind, and something else, something delicate and dreadful, which the second mate could find no name for, but which chilled him to mark. He saw how the captain stood staring into the binnacle like a man deep in thought; and how then he shrugged and bit his lips and came to the immediate matter as though with an effort.

"Weather main brace!" he commanded, and had the yards squared in, to lay the brig close to the point. He conned her himself, standing there at the binnacle so that the man at the wheel could not see the compass, issuing his steering orders in so low a tone that the helmsman could only just hear them. The contagion of his manner spread over the ship; he had brought some gloomy spirit aboard with him, and now there was hardly a pretense at a song as the men hauled, and Lewis walked the poop with careful quiet.

The brig heeled handily as the wind came abeam, and her wake gleamed with sparks of phosphorescence. "Port," bade the captain, barely over a murmur. "Port it is," answered the man at the wheel, scarcely louder, as he dragged the spokes over. Between ill-ease and wonder, Lewis could not but admire the captain's mastery of his craft. It was plain he was lying to go as near the point as he could, and now he conned the ship with a dexterity, a sureness, a daintiness of method which any seafarer must have admired. He was a seaman of renown; he was known in a score of ports for an adroit sailor and an expert navigator; and he handled the Soldan as a jockey handles a horse. The point narrowed as the brig rode up to it, and soon its white beach lay like a streak of snow at the feet of its palms. The spur of rock that arms its end like a fang was skirted neatly; Lewis could almost have spat into the water that boiled dangerously above it. He stood at the rail and marveled.

"That's the last of Martinique," said the captain in a level voice. "Mr. Lewis, do you ever pray?"

Lewis stammered in embarrassment, but answered that he did, sometimes.

"Lucky for you," said the captain, still in that toneless voice. "Lucky you've something left to pray for."

He walked over to the weather side of the deck, leaving the second mate amazed. When Mr. Gammon came aft to stand his watch the captain gave him his course. Mr. Gammon was well content. He was pleased to put to sea again; pleased with the fair wind and the fine weather; and more than pleased to be done with an irksome and incomprehensible situation.

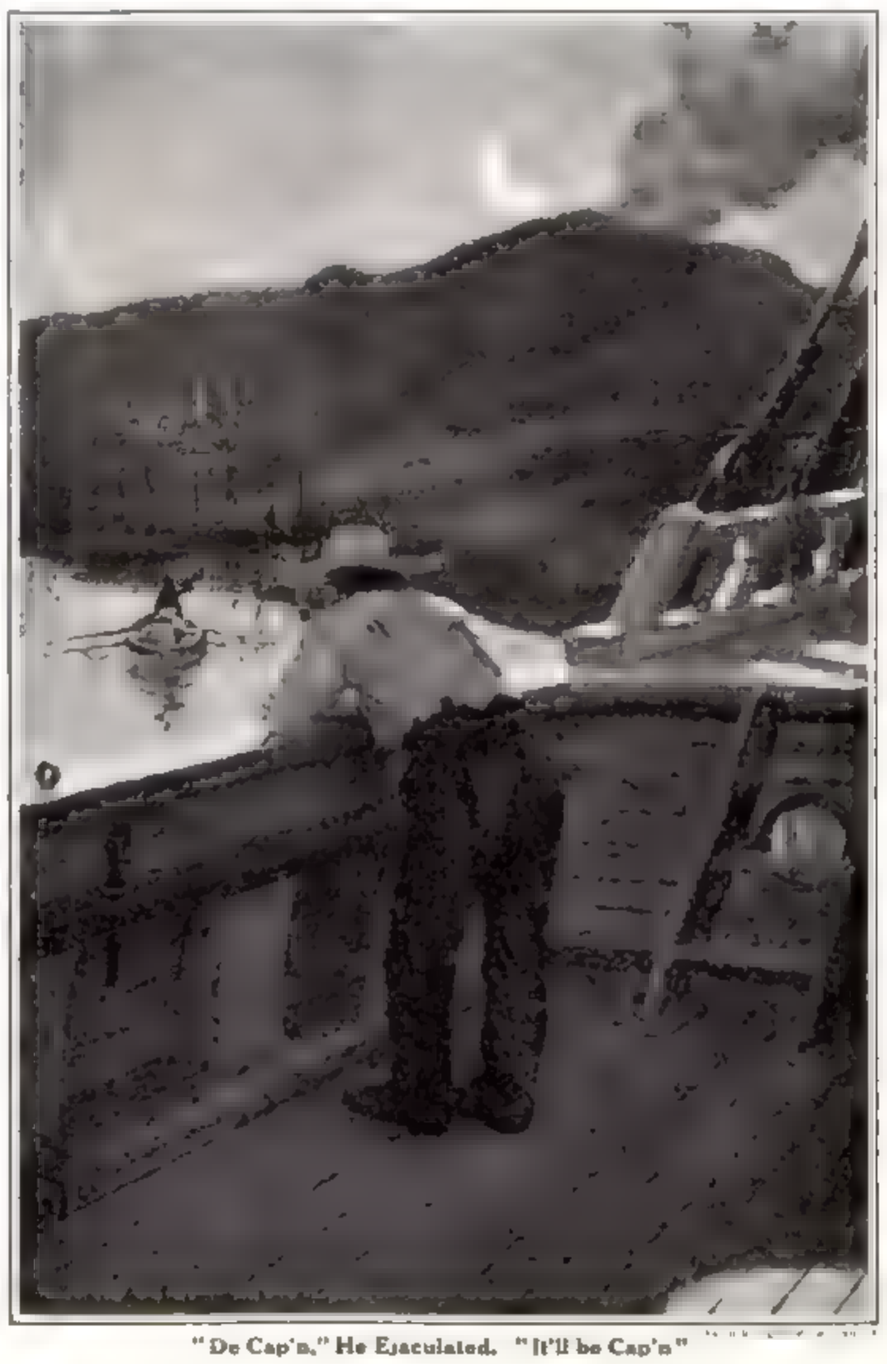
"Nor'-nor'east it is, sir," he repeated, rubbing his hands. "Very good, sir. Shall I set the stuns'ls?"

"Why?" asked the captain.

"Why, sir?" Mr. Gammon was puzzled. "She'd carry 'em nicely, sir, and they'd give her as much as two knots."

The wind held throughout the night, and dawn came fresh and strong with salt. Martinique had sunk from sight, and already the memory of it and of the long, listless days at anchor in the harbor of St. Pierre was fading in the minds of the Soldan's crew as the ancient routine of the sea laid its bond on them. The sea has but one atmosphere; here tradition and circumstances are dominant, and no man's mood avails to vary it. In harbor, anything may happen. Life under the land has change of hues; ambition may salt it, passion paint it. But at sea all things have a nature in common; storm and calm are kin for the sailor, and the sea is a link between life and death.

It was chiefly to Lewis that the demeanor of the captain seemed strange and like a portent. Mr. Gammon was not a man to bruise his faculties on a problem. If a thing baffled his understanding, he got even with it by accepting it without further question. Such minds enjoy life easily. The men talked the matter over voluminously; it was for some days the staple of fo'c'sle argument, those long, windy disputes that end nowhere. And the captain said nothing. He took his meals alone, and his manner repelled question. He "took the sun" daily, and was punctual and perfect in his duties; but when he had not to be on deck he remained alone in his stateroom. Lewis took careful note of him as often as he appeared, and it seemed to him that the captain grew daily sharper in the face, more white and more strangely remote. That was it—the quality he had not been able to put a name to! A remoteness, an ethereal and almost spiritual aloofness.



"De Cap'n," He Ejaculated. "It'll be Cap'n"

"You mind what I say," he told Mr. Gammon the fourth day out; "the skipper's deadly sick."

Mr. Gammon had come on deck an hour before his time and was walking the poop with the second mate. He lifted his cap and wiped his forehead.

"I'm not feeling more than half well, myself," he answered. "Headaches I despise, but a headache I've got, and what's more, my lad"—he stopped short in his walk and turned to Lewis with decision—"if I feel such another qualm as I felt a minute or two ago, I go to the rail, and, come what may, I fetch it up."

"You don't mean to tell me you're seasick!" exclaimed Lewis.

Mr. Gammon grunted. "Nelson wasn't above it," he answered. "Thirty-six years, man and boy, I've trod deckplanks and turned out at eight bells, and now—it's coming!"

He went to the rail. As the spasm passed a faintness took possession of him; Lewis saw that he wavered on his legs and hurried to his aid. Mr. Gammon hung gasping on his arm, and choked for breath.

"Something's got me," he managed to say, in a strangled whisper. "Pass me below, boy."

The cook came to Lewis' shout, and together they got Mr. Gammon down to his berth and stretched him in his bunk. He was nearly unconscious with the effort of the passage and Lewis was frightened at his inertness. The cook, an elderly man of Devon, folded his arms and looked down wisely at the spare figure in the bunk.

"'Tis sudden," he said, speaking into his gray beard. "'Tis to be hoped he was ready."

Lewis, bending over the mate, looked round and snarled at him. "Shut your mouth," he ordered, "and go and tell the captain!"

"You can shut my mouth," replied the cook, departing, "but you can't stop me thinking."

While he was gone, the big youth labored over the mate to restore him to consciousness. He dragged the coat from him and loosed the collar of his shirt, ungirt his belt and took his boots off. He soaked a handkerchief in the wash hand basin and drenched the still face with cool water to restore any signal of life.

He was still laving the forehead of the unconscious man when a noise at the door made him look round. The captain had come. He staggered into the little cabin as though his legs were failing under him, and Lewis shrank from him as from a personified plague. He was coatless, and the thin shirt he wore, which hung loosely about him as though the body within were shriveled, was not whiter than his face. He seemed to hold himself upright only by a savage effort, for his brow was beaded with the sweat of agony and the eyes were bright and dry like the eyes of pain. Over his shoulder the stout cook stared with round eyes.

He came to the bunk and stood holding by its edge and swaying as he stood, looking down at the mate.

"Ah," he said at last, and his voice was thin and reedy, yet Lewis could have sworn there was triumph in it. "Ah, you would crowd the stuns'ls on her, would you?"

Then he noticed the wet kerchief in the second mate's hand.

"Yes, bathe his head," he said weakly. "Do you think you can wash *that* off?" He pointed to Mr. Gammon's face with some force of gesture which carried the young man's eyes with it.

"Look close, man; look close," bade the captain, rocking where he stood, and Lewis bent and searched the calm brow. It seemed that there was some dim tracing of red on the weather-beaten skin.

"There's something," he said, bewildered.

The captain laughed mirthlessly and signed to the cook. "Help me back to my bed," he said. "There's nothing man can do."

The cook grasped his arm cautiously with one hand.

"Hold me up, man!" cried the captain. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes," said the man of Devon, "I be scared you'll drag me down."

Mr. Gammon opened his eyes at last, after Lewis had worked over him desperately for an hour. He came back to full consciousness without warning, and groaned as he lay.

"How are you feeling now, sir?" asked Lewis anxiously.

Mr. Gammon seemed to hesitate. "Troubled," he answered. "Troubled sore." His lean face was creased with a kind of perplexity. "If I was to ask you now, Lewis, would you say I was looking anyways pale? It's an idea I've got in my head."

"You're looking fine," Lewis assured him. "Your whiskers is a bit unsettled with handling you, but except for that you're fine."

"Ah!" Mr. Gammon was gratified. "But pale, eh? Just enough to be noticeable, isn't it?" he insisted.

Lewis shook his head. "The other way," he said. "A bit red, if anything."

Mr. Gammon closed his eyes and lay still for a space of minutes.

"I half guessed it," he murmured at length. "I half guessed it. It's a wonder he wouldn't stay ashore, with this on him. Has he been in here?"

"Who?"

"The captain. Did he come in just now to gloat?"

"Well," said Lewis, "he surely did come, and sick enough he looked."

Mr. Gammon opened his eyes sharply. "I'd sick him," he said, and frowned to himself. "Lewis," he went on, "have you a guess what's got me?"

Lewis sat down on the tiny settee that ran athwartships across the cabin. His strong boy's face was pale.

"Is it smallpox?" he asked.

Mr. Gammon could just see him over the edge of the bunk. "In them islands," he answered, "they call it 'veretta,' and they're mostly itching with it from one year's end to another. And I've got it."

Lewis sat still, staring at the sick man's sharp profile—the long, thin nose, the formal mouth and the bleak

side-whiskers. He had nothing to say: the sailor is no adept at words in the face of great things.

"It will be time for you to go on deck," Mr. Gammon continued. "If I was you, I'd live on deck and in the wind. For you'll have the ship in your hands soon enough, and I'd do a bit of thinking, my boy, for it's my belief there'll be no sun took aboard of the Soldan from now on."

He would have it, and Lewis was not able to protest, so presently the second mate went on deck again. His thoughts were all adrift; the prevailing impression in his mind was of Mr. Gammon's cabin, its formal neatness, like the tidiness of an old maid, and the mate lying limp in his bunk under the porthole, talking of smallpox and fate.

It was Mr. Gammon's watch on deck and the wheel had been relieved, but the men of the starboard watch had not gone below. The hands were standing about in the waist, and Lewis marked how their talk ceased and they turned to look at him as he emerged from the companion. He gave them a stare in return, and walked aft to look at the compass. The man at the wheel saw him approach and fidgeted.

"Look-a here, sir!" he called, when Lewis was yet ten feet off.

Lewis stopped. "Well?" he demanded.

The man spat. "Duty's duty," he answered. "But if you come alongside o' me, Mr. Lewis, I drops this wheel and goes for'ard, and I can't say any plainer than that."

"What the devil's this?" said Lewis. "You'd best be mighty careful, Simon, or I'll show you something that'll puzzle you. I'll teach you to give orders here."

"Keep off!" cried the man, as Lewis took a step toward him. He was manifestly aquake with some anxiety or other. "If I let go this wheel now, she'll come aback and you'll have the sticks out of her." He pulled over a spoke or two and steadied her.

Lewis sat down on the cabin's skylight. "If you've got your understanding," he said bitterly, "you'd better tell what's up. For I've a mind to come over and make a hospital case of you."

The man Simon touched his cap. "There's only one thing, sir," he said respectfully. "If you'll be so good as to tell us on your oath that the skipper and the mate ain't down with the smallpox, it isn't me will say a word against your comin' nearer."

Lewis nodded. "That's the cook," he said, aloud but to himself

"Yes, sir," answered Simon, giving helm as he spoke, in response to a flap of the main royal leach. "Yes, sir, he's told the truth and all hands is in it. Act o' God and peril of the sea—them's all in the day's work, but the hands says they didn't sign on for smallpox. Maybe, sir, you'd call the hands aft and speak a word to them."

"You shut your mouth!" commanded Lewis. "When I want to speak to the hands, I sha'n't need the advice of any tarry-shirted fo'c'sle ornament. And perhaps, since I mustn't look in the binnacle, you'd be so nice and kind as to tell me how she's heading."

"Nor'east be nor', sir," answered the man.

"Keep her well up," ordered Lewis. "I guess I'll go down and have a word with the captain."

But the door of the captain's room was locked within, and he could get no answer to all his knocking. In the main cabin sat the cook, his elbows on the table. The men had refused to have him forward.

"Is the captain in his bunk?" asked Lewis.

The cook rolled an eye at him. "Aye," he answered. "I put him there. An' by his orders I locked the door when I came out and dropped the key in by the grating."

"Was he—was he—anyways queer?" whispered the second mate.

The stout cook pursed his lips. "Queerish," he answered; "queerish for him. He've took a way of talking like as if he was alone. And him in his senses at that."

The second mate sat down at the table and looked across it blankly at the cook. The little cabin was very quiet, for their accustomed ears took no note of the creak of the ship as she moved.

"You'll be putting back to the islands, eh?" the cook inquired.

"Back to the islands?" The second mate started. "No. Why would I? We're bound for Bristol, ain't we?"

The cook shrugged his shoulders. "'Twas only a question," he said. "You're a navigator, then?"

"Me?" Lewis stared at the stout man resentfully and rose from his seat.

"Bristol we're bound for," he said significantly. "It may be the Old Man's past sailing his own ship, as you think, but the time hasn't come when I've to give an account to you. D'you see?"

"No," answered the cook bluntly. "A man's a man and a question's a question. The hands'll be asking it, so why not me?"

"When the hands ask, I'll have their answer ready," retorted Lewis. "But as for you, you're in an error. I'll put you right now. You'll eat when I've finished and you'll turn in on the lockers, and you'll keep a civil tongue, or I'll cut it out for you."

A Sea Chest Stood Open on the Floor, as Though the Captain Had Been Seeking Something

He leant across the table and thrust an iron fist under the cook's nose.

"And you'll ask no questions to bother me, either," he said. "D'you see now?"

The cook rose to his feet. "Yes, sir," he replied decorously.

"Then go and attend to the mate," ordered Lewis, and went on deck again.

There was a small chart-house on the poop, just for'ard of the skylight, and he carried a pillow and a blanket up here, and lay down from time to time for a brief rest. The wind strengthened in the first watch, and puffed frequently into little vehement squalls, so that royals and the foretop gallant were furled. Walking the weather side of the poop between whiles, in his stiff oilskins, Lewis had leisure to gain some realization of his position. He was not a navigator, as the cook had hinted. Admirable sailor though he was, judicious, prudent and unafraid, with the whole gear of a ship indelibly catalogued in his brain, the sextant was still a mystery to him. Give him a course, and he could handle anything that carried canvas; but he could no more find his way to Bristol or back to St. Pierre than he could fly there. That did not greatly disconcert him; but, as he strode the planking by the rail, with the hollow boom of the mainsail in his ears and the rush of the water at his elbow, he began to realize how he stood alone—utterly alone, between the plague and the doubting, unreasonable crew. They would look to him for leading and salvation, relying on him entirely, with the instinctive trust of seamen in their officers, the while they hampered him with their fancies and withheld all help.

He went into the chart-house to see the course on a telltale compass that hung there, for it galled him to have to ask the man at the wheel. The wind was hauling to the north; it was running fair, but he would not know how to take advantage of it. At daylight the cook came up and said Mr. Gammon wished to speak to him.

A little hurricane lamp was burning over the mate's bunk, and Mr. Gammon's face was directly in the light of it. The cabin was as neat as a boudoir, but, as he entered, Lewis baulked momentarily at some taint in the air, a whiff of disease.

"You mustn't come here again, Lewis," began Mr. Gammon. "It don't lie with your duty. But I'm wishful to speak to the captain."

Lewis explained how matters stood.

"Ah! Well, then, he's dead," said Mr. Gammon. "No, don't argue. I say he's dead, an' I'll take the responsibility, Mr. Lewis. Now, him being dead, who's captain here?"

He turned on his pillow and looked up at the young man's face.

"Why," answered Lewis carefully, "him being dead, you are."

A gleam lived momentarily in the sick man's eyes and he turned away again. "That's so," he murmured. "That's so."

"What are your orders, Captain Gammon?" asked Lewis.

Mr. Gammon sighed. "I take that kind of you," he said. "My orders is these. You'll take a hatchet and you'll open Captain Appleyard's door and then report to me."

"Aye, aye, sir."

There was no difficulty in opening the door of the captain's room. Lewis drove the edge of the hatchet between the lock and a jamb and laid his knee to the haft. The lock promptly drew from its place and the door swung back.

He laid his hatchet on the table, doffed his cap and entered. A sea chest stood open on the floor, as though the captain had been seeking something. In the bunk lay what was left of Captain William Appleyard. He had drawn a handkerchief over his face and Lewis lifted it. Smallpox was naked beneath. He put back the kerchief with a shudder; it was not a thing to see.

Lewis reported to Mr. Gammon, who showed no surprise.

"He ought to be buried," he said. "But you say there's trouble with the men? H'm. Well, there's you and the cook, and maybe you could get that nigger Jordan aft and scare the bounce out of him. I wish I was on deck. I do that! I've drunk a whole bottle of Number Seven from the medicine chest, but, do what I can, I can't keep a sweet peace from stealing over me, and there ain't any plainer symptom than that sweet peace."

He gave some counsel about the course, and then Lewis asked if he could do anything to ease him.

"Not a thing," replied Mr. Gammon. "Save for the pains o' hell here and there, I'm doing nicely, thank you. And it's good to be in command. Thirty-six years, man and boy, I've turned in and out at eight bells and stood my watch and done my duty aboard of ships, but I was getting to hunger for a quarterdeck of my own. And, now I've got it, I'm in my bunk."

The news of the captain's death was soon all over the ship, and when Lewis, red-eyed with want of sleep, went on deck again, the hands came aft to speak to him. They mustered in the waist, and he leaned on the rail at the break of the poop to hear them. They were all ill at ease; a break in the routine of a ship's life always disconcerts a sailor, and Lewis took a grip on his faculties to make the best of his position.

"Well," he said, snapping the word at them contemptuously, "which of you is the sea-lawyer?"

They shuffled and fidgeted, the nine weather-worn, hairy men, whose experience was wide as the sea, whose dreams were narrow as the ship.

Only the negro grinned.

"Come!" cried Lewis. "You do no work to speak of—you ought to be able to talk. Give a name to it or get for'ard."

An elder man spat and pulled the cap from his head. His face was the hue of hand-worked leather, and his regard was a child's.

"Well, Morgan," said the second mate. "What's took you at your time of life?"

"It's this way of it, sir," began Morgan: "this crew knows its place, which is for'ard in due season. But this crew wants to know, beggin' your pardon, who's commandin' of this ship?"

"Go on," ordered Lewis.

"Cap'n Appleyard bein' dead, an' Cap'n Gammon moored to his bunk and as good as dead," continued Morgan, gaining confidence, "this crew is wishful to know who's layin' the course, and where the brig is bearin' up for."

"I see," said Lewis. He straightened up and looked them over witheringly. "So that's why the watch has knocked off and come aft in the middle of the morning watch? Now, if this don't beat cock-fighting! You're about as fingerless a crowd as ever I had the ill-luck to ship with, but I did think some of you had the beginnings of sense. Is this your first voyage, Morgan? Have you just left mother, eh? Or have you bought the brig?"

He was working himself up into a rage in the orthodox style, and the men quailed. Their coming aft without leave had not been in order, and this was Lewis' advantage. But Morgan was staunch.

"This crew don't value that kind of talk no more than bilge," he persisted stoutly. "The hands wants to know who's navigatin' this brig, and we means to have our answer."

"Oh, you do, do you?"—Lewis thundered it at them. "Well, then, here's an answer for you! You ask where we're headin' for? If I have a short answer or a slow fist aboard of this brig while I'm an officer on her, it's Newgate *you're* headin' for. Mutiny, is it? You dogs! I'll give you your answer. Get for'ard, every man-Jack! Morgan, you stop where you are. I've something more for you."

The men gaped at him, but Lewis had not risen from the fo'c'sle by seamanship alone. His voice of authority carried it off, and they began to retreat. In a moment only Morgan was left—sullen and abashed.

"Come up here, Morgan," bade Lewis, and the grizzled seaman climbed the lee ladder and stood before him.

"Oh, I'm not asking you to scare yourself by touching me," said Lewis. "This is a fine beginning, isn't it? Here's you, that ought to be a sailor anyhow, leading the hands in a mutiny. For mutiny is what it is, my man. I'd thought better of you, Morgan. I was going to put you on to keep watch and watch with me——"

He paused. Morgan stared in astonishment.

"Me?" said Morgan.

"Yes, you," answered Lewis. "But how can I trust you to boss the hands when I find you speaking for them on a turn like this? They'd get all round you: they'd do what they liked with you. They'd —"

"Would they!" Morgan answered with emphasis. "If your orders goes with me, sir, they'll go with the hands, an' you may lay to that, sir."

"Very well," said Lewis quietly. "You'll take the port watch. Tell the cook and a pair of hands to get the captain into his blankets and on to a grating. We'll bury him now."

"Aye, aye, sir," murmured Morgan without flinching.

By what means Morgan drove the men to that sombre task Lewis never asked, but before midday the brig was clear of the corpse. The second mate had a long talk with Mr. Gammon and carried the chart to him, and received instructions about keeping the dead-reckoning and the course.

"Not that the dead-reckoning will do much for you," said Mr. Gammon at the end of it. "But some reckoning is only right. The thing to do is keep your eyes skinned for a ship an' get a navigator from her. You'll be meeting one soon, for I'm feeling most marvelous resigned."

Lewis rolled up the chart and tossed it on the settle.

"Take a brace on yourself," he said. "Maybe you'll pull through yet, and it gives me the chills to see you lyin' there so calm and talkin' of dyin' that way."

Mr. Gammon smiled faintly. The awful ill had come to the surface in spots on his face.

"My last ship," he said, "was the Salamander, with Captain Love, and he was pickin' up moorings in Rio Harbor. I was on the fo'c'sle, where I'd ought to be, and I checked her way too soon. We come to, with the main-yard aback, twenty fathom from the buoy, and I mind the kind of disappointment I felt. 'Tis that way I'm feeling now with my quarterdeck up there and me not able to put a foot to it. I've laid here hours looking up at them planks."

Some desolation took hold of Lewis and he bowed his head.

"Luff you may," said Mr. Gammon gently. "This is in the articles and comes under Act of God. Shake hands with me, my boy; I've logged you for a good officer and a fine sailor. Shake hands."

Lewis took the hand and then, moved to his foundations bent forward and touched his lips to the sick man's forehead.

Two days more Mr. Gammon lay in his bunk of the Soldan; on the third they passed him over the side. 'Twas a stiff day and they beat to windward under topsails, and even as word went to lift the grating and give the captain his discharge, a slash of spray curled in and drenched the men. Lewis kept a man aloft on the fore as lookout, in the hopes of coming up with some ship that might have a navigator to spare, and for the rest he held as close to northwest-by-north as the wind would let him.

Save the cook, no man on board would touch him. Morgan might have been bullied or shamed to it, but Lewis would spare no word to make him. An understanding prevailed that he was to keep his distance from the seamen; he had not seen the steering compass for days. The demeanor of the men was respectful; there was even some awe in it. He knew that they watched him as a man under a curse, awaiting his fall into the disease that had killed his superiors. But the work of the ship was abated no jot. Morgan proved an efficient watch-officer, tending a little to tyranny, and Lewis' hand had closed. He ate and slept aft, and Morgan had established his quarters in the small locker next the galley.

An empty week passed, a week of wind and rain, with never a sign of a sail. When at last the lookout on the foreroyal-yard announced one, Lewis was in his bunk, and was called in haste by the cook. He tumbled up at top haste, and found Morgan superintending the work of spreading every stitch of canvas that would hold wind. Nothing was to be seen from the deck as yet, but the lookout pointed the direction and the brig was braced up sharp for a chase. The Soldan was a good model, and carried a fairly clean bottom, and it had been Appleyard's boast that he had never been passed by anything with square sails.

Lewis ordered all hands on deck, and soon the booms began to sprout from the irons and the stuns'ls were hauled out to windward. The little vessel felt them at once and put her lee shoulder down purposefully and set her scuppers awash. She was reeling off the knots finely; and the men who presently came aft to heave the log grinned as Morgan chalked the tally on the slate. The only question was whether she could come up with the ship ahead before dark, and there was scum in the sky up to windward that seemed to promise she would.

It was early in the forenoon watch, about two bells, when the ship was sighted, and Lewis established himself under the weather cloth in the main rigging to sail her all day. Poor Mr. Gammon would have been aghast at his tenacity. When the scum up-wind thickened to a blot and came screaming down as a squall, he merely called to "stand by tops'l halliards." Royals and topgallants might carry away if they couldn't hold up. Even the men who stood by to lower away if need should be looked uneasily aft, as the brig lowered her rail from poop to fo'c'sle into the racing water and scooped it in by the ton. But Lewis stood braced, his eyes on the clew of the main-royal, and the squall blew over with no harm done. By four bells in the afternoon watch they had lifted her tops'ls.

"We're comin' up with her," said Lewis exultantly.

Morgan chuckled. "I think you'd run down the Flyin' Dutchman, sir, the way you hang on to them kites," he answered, with a note of admiration.

"I'll Ship You to Navigate on My Brig. One Shilling for the Passage is the Wages"

By four bells in the dog-watch—six o'clock in the evening—she was only a couple of miles ahead, and the Soldan ran up her ensign. The evening had come in gray and bleak; rain was in the air; and when the stranger was at last prevailed upon to reply with her ensign, Lewis saw that it would be too dark to communicate by flags. The ship ahead was a great full-rigger, with skysails and royals already stowed for the night, and Lewis determined to run down to her and interview her captain by word of mouth.

"Stand by weather main-braces," he ordered. "Morgan, stand by to back the main-yard. I'm going to bellow across to this fellow."

He got the speaking trumpet from the chart-house and they forged down to the big ship. Jordan, the negro, was at the wheel, and none could steer like he. Lewis conned and the big black man steered her to a hair. Close quarters at sea are justly hated and avoided by every sailor; one has but to touch, once, and a ship's side crushes like an egg. From his place on the poop Lewis could make out shapes of men at the other's rail, and as the brig forged up on the ship's quarter he caught the bark of an order that manned braces for an emergency. Deftly he sailed in, snapping the steering orders over his shoulder, and soon the great ship was alongside, no more than fifty feet away.

Lewis climbed on the sheer pole, lifted the trumpet, and vociferated impressively.

"Back your main-yard," he roared. "Want to speak to you."

A voice thinned by the intervening water replied from the ship's rail.

"What ship are you?" it asked.

"Soldan, of Cardigan, from Martinique for Bristol," replied Lewis. "Captain and chief officer dead; no navigator aboard. Who are you?"

There was a pause before the answer came, and meanwhile the two vessels rode side by side in the growing dark.

"What ship are you?" roared Lewis again.

"Vavasour," came the answer at last, "of London. Rio for Cardiff. How did you lose them?"

"Smallpox," replied Lewis. "Can you send me a navigator?"

He strained his eyes at the ship, and it seemed to him that the man who had been speaking to him turned from the rail to others who stood near. The tinkle of distant talk just made itself audible, and then he was hailed again.

"Back your main-yard," shouted the ship.

Lewis gave the order joyfully, and a cheer rose from the main deck as the men laid the yards square and stopped the way of the brig. The ship forged past them, a superb sight, with her long sheer and her tall spars, and from her the second mate could hear the orders flying. Evidently she was going to lie to ahead and lower a boat, and all would be well in half an hour.

"You can get those stuns'ls off her, Morgan," he shouted, for it seemed likely to be a squally night, and as the hands clattered aloft to the work he saw to it that a line was cleared for the boat and a Jacob's ladder roused up for the use of the officer who should come aboard. The sidelights were out to serve for a mark for her, and when all was done he walked the poop and waited. He was unaffectedly glad of the forthcoming relief; no disappointment darkened his thoughts at his impending supersession in the command of the brig; and when Morgan came aft, the stuns'ls in, he said as much.

"My people live at Penarth," he said. "I've hardly given them a thought this passage. It's only just across the water from Bristol, too."

Morgan nodded in sympathy. "I used to have a wife in Stockholm," he volunteered. "Suited me very well. Some day I'll try the Baltic again and come to alongside of her. It's fourteen years now since I clapped eyes on her."

"I wonder if I'll get anything out of the owners over this?" mused Lewis.

(Continued on Page 19)

WHICH COLLEGE FOR THE BOY?

Chicago: A University by Enchantment

BY JOHN CORBIN

The Mitchell Tower. A Replica of the Magdalen Tower at Oxford

THROUGHOUT its young and strenuous life the University of Chicago has had to struggle against two damaging accusations—that it is a Standard Oil institution, and that it is a hotbed of revolutionary doctrine. Across its official letterheads is inscribed: "Founded by John D. Rockefeller," and from day to day the newspaper press has flaunted in staring headlines irresponsible utterances of its Faculty, in literature and in sociology. Either fact would condemn an ordinary institution of learning. Shall this one survive them both?

For fifteen years it has not only survived them, but prospered exceedingly. It has taken its place, in size and in the character of its teaching as in wealth, among the foremost universities in the land.

The chief source of misrepresentation of the university has been the Chicago daily press, and through it the press of the entire country. One of the most profitable means of self-support for students is to write up the university news. Flagrant exaggerations increase the earnings and are welcomed as an evidence of journalistic skill.

A highly characteristic example occurred in recent memory at the University of Michigan. A professor enlivened his lecture with a little talk on various conventions in courtship. The student-journalist—representing a paper that boasts itself, and not without color of justification, the best all-round newspaper in the country—reported that he illustrated his lecture by getting a woman-pupil up on the platform and acting out with her in realistic detail the form of proposal—and acceptance—which he himself preferred. The item was widely copied and hilariously commented upon. The undergraduate was expelled—and was immediately taken on the staff of the great newspaper.

When applied to Chicago University, the effect of such methods may easily be imagined. The case of Professor Triggs is well known. That he lacked common-sense and balance is obvious. None the less, he was a victim of persecution. His first leap into the spot-light was the result of a speech at a fraternity dinner on the topic of The Most Important Question in the World: he said that for himself it was what to name his new baby. Postprandially foolish the remark undoubtedly was, but what shall be said of a press that made a sensation of it? From that time whatever he said—and he had the gift of tongue—was wildly exaggerated and shamelessly perverted. Rockefeller, he once remarked, was as original a genius in industrial combination as Shakespeare in the poetic drama—a proposition that is at least debatable. He was reported as having said that Rockefeller was as great a genius as Shakespeare, and the incident was so twisted as to give the impression that the chief end of the University was to glorify its founder.

I was told, and on the best authority, that Triggs would have lost his position in the university much sooner if it had not been for such persecutions. Above everything President Harper valued liberty of speech, and long refused to abandon one of his Faculty under fire. A similarly creditable scruple prevents the expulsion of offending reporters. The Faculty is indulgent of self-supporting students, and they usually maintain, very plausibly, when questioned, that the work of falsification is done by copy editors in the newspaper office.

The simple fact is that the teaching of the university cannot be said to lean either toward capitalism or toward socialism. The department of economics, as it happens, is under a man of slow-going, highly conservative opinions. That of sociology is so advanced as to be sometimes up in the air. All is well, for it is the function of a great university to teach, not what to think, but how to think. Its spirit is that of scientific culture unhampered by authority—the freedom to teach and the freedom to learn without any inspiration but the love of truth.

Doctor Harper's ideal for his new institution was of a largeness approaching grandiosity. It was to be a complete and perfect university, combining all the ideals recognized in American education. Himself a graduate of Yale and a professor there when called to Chicago, he held firmly in mind the two principles of the Eastern university—that of the liberal training of character, both mental and moral, which we have inherited from the English universities; and that of pure scientific culture, which in recent decades we have adopted from the German. To these were to be added the principle of technical education which, already recognized even at Yale and Harvard, is dominant in the newer universities of the West.

If his physical strength had been commensurate, there is no telling to what heights he might have raised the institution during his lifetime. But at the outset his physique gave warning of a breakdown. The only wonder is that he survived his gigantic labors so long.

To the end, however, his mind and will were master. On his death-bed he dictated incessantly to a stenographer, bringing to such completion as was possible his labors as a scholar and an educator. There is something really terrible in the grim composure with which he met his end. He prescribed in minute detail the arrangements for his funeral, even directing that the watchers who guarded his coffin should be served with luncheon at midnight.

"The Fabric of a Dream"

IN A RECENT address before the Yale alumni of Ohio, President Hadley described the Western institutions as local rather than national, and lacking in "an atmosphere charged with tradition." The great Eastern institutions have expanded with the nation from its earliest beginnings, year by year, generation by generation. The few Colonists and Indians of the seventeenth century have slowly grown to three and four thousand young men from all corners of the land, from many nations widely scattered over the globe. The earliest curriculum of divinity, spelling and arithmetic, has expanded until it includes all modern arts, sciences and professions, each a spontaneous growth from the soil of our national life. The sod is enriched with the tares of old harvests, nourishing even in decay. The University of Chicago, on the other hand, has sprung forth out of nothing, as if by a stroke of magic. And if it has the glamour of enchantment, it has also something that seems as yet fantastic and of questionable stability. It is a mingling of old and new, of native and foreign—"the fabric of a dream" that time is only gradually proving not to be "baseless."

Certain of President Harper's innovations once seemed to strike at the root of the spirit of American education, and notably "the quarter system."

Elsewhere the unit of residence and instruction is a year of eight or nine months, which must be satisfactorily completed in order to count for a degree. During the summer, the entire plant lies virtually idle. Classes come and go in phalanx; and in the class spirit, it is thought, lies the local spirit and tradition, the genius of the place.

Reception-Room of the Reynolds Club

At Chicago the unit is a quarter of three months, at the end of which every course of instruction is brought to a definite close; and the teaching continues throughout the year. For both teachers and taught this means a vast increase of freedom. As elsewhere, a normal year's work consists of three quarters. But a professor who so chooses may teach six consecutive quarters, and at the end of them have an uninterrupted vacation for study or travel of half a year. Or, if he is willing to take less pay, he may teach at the rate of only two quarters yearly, thus gaining an annual vacation of six months, or a biennial vacation of twelve.

For the students the liberty is even greater. The majority of them take their degrees in the usual manner for four years' work of three quarters each, omitting the summer quarter, and so maintain considerable class spirit. But a student may, if he chooses to work continuously, gain his degree in three instead of four years, or he may make any interval between quarters. Many students have left college to teach, completing the work for their degrees in successive summer quarters. One spread his undergraduate career over fourteen years, not qualifying as bachelor of arts until he was father of a family.

In a section as busy as the Middle West there is abundant use for such an institution. The sacrifices often made to get a degree are little short of heroic. Many students light street lamps, tend furnaces, wait on tables, wash dishes. One student, an athlete of national reputation, tutors in his spare hours all day and manages a telephone exchange until early morning.

The situation has its dangers. On the one hand, boys are tempted to strive for a university education whose abilities would better be employed in the manual arts and trades; while, on the other, able fellows break down under the continued strains of money-making and study. But it will be a sad day for our democracy when it ceases to be the ambition of our youth to rise through learning. According to Dr. James H. Canfield, one per cent. of American men are educated, and these hold forty per cent. of all positions of trust and distinction.

As yet both time and money have been lacking to build up the technical departments at Chicago. Industrial chemistry, it is true, is very ably taught, and the departments of pure science are among the most advanced in the country; but there are no schools of engineering, civil, mechanical, electrical or mining; there is no school of architecture or of agriculture. The utilitarian needs of the Middle West are in a large measure already supplied, and very well supplied, by the State universities.

Not only the University of Wisconsin, but the University of Illinois at Champaign, have agricultural and engineering departments of the highest efficiency. Purdue, in Indiana, has an admirable school of engineering with a strongly "practical" bent.

President Harper's idea seems to have been to give the West the kind of education it lacked rather than the kind it wanted. Yet there are manifest difficulties in starting a new institution against the grain, and especially in face of the tide of Western youths of greater leisure which has so long been flowing East. Mr. Rockefeller's latest gift has been spent for the technical schools.

Original as was President Harper's scheme in certain details, it is prevailingly imitative, even assimilative.

At the outset a complete prospectus of the university as a whole, worked out in the minutest detail, was sent for criticism to over fifty American institutions, with a view to coming in touch with all the latest and most progressive developments in education. In every case in which an older university had made itself preëminent in the teaching of a particular subject, its system and organization were reproduced. Thus the Harvard department of English was exactly copied and placed in the hands of a group of its most brilliant young graduates.

The schools of the learned professions have advanced slowly, but with the same minuteness and breadth of purpose. The Law School is a replica of that at Harvard, which developed the "case" system of studying the law in its evolution from the practice of centuries, and is in charge of one of its most distinguished professors. In his plans for the Medical School, President Harper's eclecticism reached a climax. Over on the West Side of Chicago is the Rush Medical College, one of the largest and ablest in the country—obviously ripe for benevolent assimilation.

There are human difficulties in the way of such a plan—as Harvard has found in the course of its efforts to incorporate the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As yet Rush is no more than

Ryerson Physical Laboratory from Hull Court, Looking Southeast

benevolently affiliated. The first two years of the university course in medicine are pursued in the admirable scientific laboratories on the Midway, after which the classes migrate to the elder institution.

The Divinity School, like the university as a whole, is nominally Baptist, and its head is a Baptist, as are the president and a majority of the board of trustees. The University of Chicago is scarcely more Baptist than Harvard is Unitarian or Yale Congregational. It is in the graduate school that the university has made its strongest mark. At the outset leading professors in all subjects were induced by the magnificence of the new foundation and by liberal salaries to migrate to the new institution. Few, even of our oldest universities, excelled Chicago, either in the number and variety of subjects taught or in the ability and reputation of the men teaching them. The university library, containing 367,442 volumes and 1287 current periodicals, is one of the three or four largest in the country. Laboratories and museums are equally strong. The students in the graduate school reach the extraordinary number of 1121. The university issues twelve periodicals recording original advances in science and philology, several of which are of world-wide reputation.

The new president of the university, Harry Pratt Judson, is an older man than his predecessor—older in temperament as in years. Doctor Harper's chief failing, and especially from the point of view of the founder, was the sanguine largeness of his undertaking and the lavishness of his expenditures. Under Doctor Judson the institution has for the first time become approximately self-supporting on the basis of its endowment. For the present the work of expansion is in abeyance. The effort will be rather to perfect the departments already in being by an increase in equipment and in funds available for teaching. Yet the original aim of completeness is held firmly in view.

President Harper's "immense forethoughtfulness" is nowhere more clearly evident than in his plans for the residential and social life of the students. The apparent failure of the Eastern type of university to make the local atmosphere and traditions permeate the student body as a whole must have been obvious to him, and he had, besides, to counteract a new set of forces tending to render undergraduate life uncompanionable and unhomelike—the distracting influences of the city and the absorbing earnestness of the students, the disintegrating influences of the quarter system and the large proportion of graduate students. The scheme he hit on to give character and tone to the student body was that which the University of Wisconsin has lately projected: the residential hall.

As yet the system is very imperfectly developed. Three of the organizations, one for men and two for women, are mere clubs of students residing off the campus or even in the city, and have no home except a clubroom appointed by the Faculty in one of the university buildings. Nine of them, five for men and four for women, have separate residential buildings in the campus. Each has as its head a member of the Faculty appointed by the president and is subject to certain general university statutes, but each elects its own house committee and other officers, and is virtually self-governing. None of them has a separate dining-hall. The members take their meals in two large halls, one for each sex.

They differ in development, but the purpose is eventually to make them genuinely social and residential communities.

The women's halls are open to any student, appointments being made by the registrar. For three months the newcomer resides as guest and cannot become a member except by election of the community. All the halls have a common room or parlor for general use, receptions and dances, in which freshmen, upperclassmen and graduates meet, to the manifest advantage of all.

The farthest advanced of the men's halls is Hitchcock, a very beautiful and richly-furnished building, divided into five sections or entries connected outside by a beautiful Gothic corridor. The entry nearest the athletic field is given over to the athletic teams in the training season, an arrangement which should prove fruitful in developing precisely that *esprit de corps* which a city university is pitifully prone to lack. The entry at the other end has a hall library and a lounging-room in which breakfast is served. It is the conscious purpose of the authorities, as soon as may be, to make the hall of limited size, with common rooms and individual dining-rooms, the normal centre of undergraduate life.

Some such plan, as I pointed out in the article on Wisconsin, is inevitable if the American university is to make its spirit and traditions permeate the entire body of students. But, though the University of Chicago has carried the system farther than any other, it has not yet conceived it in its logically perfect form. A larger community is requisite for the most perfect social and athletic development—the English universities have found that the ideal number is somewhere between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred and twenty-five. And to give each hall individuality of character and compactness it is essential to centre its life in a closed quadrangle.

Kent Chemical Laboratory and Kent Theatre

Fraternity and club life also bear the stamp of President Harper's mind. It was his purpose to build each chapter a house on the campus and rent it at a minimum price; but the undergraduates proved untractable. It is said that they objected to being herded together on a basis of seeming equality. They are, however, administered as halls and subject to the general rules for halls—an arrangement that is said to have lessened the evils of the fraternity system. There are fourteen undergraduate, five medical and three law chapters, with an average membership of something over twenty.

To represent the student body as a whole, President Harper devised a junior council for the two lower classes and a senior council for the two upper. The elections to the councils are free from machine politics, and the membership in consequence very representative. They manage such matters of general interest as the junior promenade. A characteristic example of their activity occurred lately, when they protested against the prices at the university bookstore.

Each class has its society, made up mainly of fraternity men, though there are usually two or three independents. The senior society, the Owl and Snake, corresponds closely in a measure to the three great senior societies at Yale. Its membership is chosen strictly on the basis of prominence in the leading undergraduate activities. Its gatherings are so secret that it is not generally known where it meets, or whether it has a house of its own. Its influence is said to be strong and well directed. There are other undergraduate societies, as, for example, the Black Friars, who give a college play every year.

To supplement the exclusive organizations—halls and fraternities and societies—there is the Reynolds Club, which is open to all students of the university. Its function is that of the Harvard Union, which in turn was modeled on the celebrated Oxford Union, with the exception that it does not hold debates—a feature which has fallen into subordinate position in its prototypes. It has bowling-alleys and billiard-tables, a library and periodical-room, and very beautiful rooms in which it holds monthly dances. Thus even those students without special affiliations are afforded a point of contact with the undergraduate life.

Socially as educationally, in short, the University of Chicago has projected, and in a considerable measure realized, an ideal type of the American university, and the only type, so far as I can see, which restores it to its original and normal character as a school for manners and morals as well as for the mind. It has done this in the face of no little opposition. The undergraduates used to sing a defensive song, The Profs Make Student Customs at the U! But, in the end, it will be able to say that every student finds the way open to an association with the body of undergraduate life which is calculated to bring him normally and easily under the influence of its traditions.

What these traditions now are an outsider can only imperfectly surmise. One thing seems reasonably certain: they are strenuous to the point of exuberance. It is not only the "Profs" who have been busy in making student customs.

A graduate, whose undergraduate life saw the birth of the institution, told me that the fellows were singing a sentimental college song about Old Haskell before the varnish on the door was dry. The composer of the first undergraduate burlesque, now a professor in the English department, related that the show set a high example of "spontaneity." His best topical song, which had the refrain, Girl Wanted! was producing less than its due effect, so at the end of a stanza a member of the company whooped things up by smashing the glass in one of the doors, which almost stampeded the audience. Those were the good old days. There is no such spontaneity nowadays, the librettist lamented.

To the superficial Eastern view the West is wild and woolly, just as to the Western mind the East is lackadaisical and snobbish. But there is no virtue without its compensating defect, no defect without its virtue. The qualities of the Chicago undergraduate are democratic good humor and efficiency.

A fraternity house at which a graduate had invited me to dine proved to be without a cook. For several days things had been up to the student steward, whose name, it appeared, was Bill. At the outset Bill spilled the entire pepper-box into the soup, with the result that certain

(Continued on Page 18)

The Mitchell Tower from Hull Court, Looking East. Botany Building to Right. Zoology Building to Left. Above the Connecting Corridor Rises the Men's Commons Hutchison Hall

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 20, 1907

The Useless Metal

THERE is altogether too much bother about gold shipments, and it ought to be stopped. For many months New York, Paris and London, backed by their respective governments, have engaged in a continual contest for the metal. Last year New York held the best hand, and drew a hundred million dollars across the Atlantic. Just now Paris has the call and is taking gold from New York. The money world is always anxiously watching this movement of gold, in response to which its nerves tighten and relax.

Now, the odd thing is that nobody has any actual use for this gold. Scarcely anybody ever sees it. Certain packages, alleged to contain gold bars, are put on shipboard and carried across the water to New York. There they are turned over to the assay office in exchange for certain neatly-engraved strips of paper. The newspapers say that the bank reserve is increasing, and everybody is happy. Or, the same weighty packages are shipped back to Paris, to disappear into the vaults of the Bank of France. The newspapers say the bank reserve is falling, and everybody is blue. So far as the packages are concerned the effect would be exactly the same if they contained cast iron or pig lead.

In ten years the actual movement of gold across the sea to and from the United States has amounted to more than a thousand millions. It is obviously wasteful, foolish and useless to transport this great bulk to and fro over the ocean. If the commercial nations would agree upon a common depository which would hold all the metal and issue international certificates against it, the gold movement would consist simply in transmitting these certificates by mail. Except for the tiny amount used in the arts, nobody would ever see any gold or really know that any existed. And if the nations would further agree to sink the hoard held by the common depository, nobody would know the difference.

Ifs of a Government Telegraph

GOVERNMENT ownership of telegraph lines is not quite so simple a thing as many people suppose. The Western Union Telegraph Company has outstanding $97,340,606 of capital stock and $28,615,000 of bonds. It also guarantees interest and dividends on outstanding bonds and stocks of various companies which it has absorbed, the rate ranging from 4½ to 7 per cent. a year, to the amount of some $20,000,000. From time to time, as the profits of its business accumulated, it issued stock dividends, the last one being in 1892, when $8,620,148 was distributed.

The Postal Telegraph Company underwent a capital inflation in 1904, each one-hundred-dollar share of its stock being exchanged for four one-hundred-dollar shares of the Mackay companies. It has $20,000,000 of bonds, and the Mackay companies have outstanding $82,026,000 of stock. In short, the telegraph business supports about $250,000,000 of interest and dividend paying securities which are held by a great many persons. Sales of Western Union stock on the Exchange last year amounted to 76,520 one-hundred-dollar shares, and to 28,544 shares in the first five months of this year.

The companies handle more than a hundred million messages a year, and charge about twice as much as they ought to for doing it. Yet they give only a modest return to each investor in their securities.

Suppose the Government should intervene. It might establish telegraph lines of its own, to be operated by the Post-Office Department, in accordance with the practice of most civilized governments. This governmental competition, at just rates, would destroy the value of a great many securities that innocent investors have bought. Or, suppose the Government bought the existing lines on the basis of the current value of their outstanding stocks and bonds. Then there could be no important lowering of telegraph tolls, because about all the earnings now derived from such tolls are required to pay interest and dividends on outstanding securities. The Western Union, for example, after meeting expenses and the interest and dividend requirements on account of its stocks and bonds, has left a surplus equal to only about three per cent. of its gross receipts.

The companies, having been given an absolutely free hand for fifty years, have thoughtfully created a situation which can hardly be remedied in the simple manner that many people urge.

The Everlasting Tip

WE HAVE just read that news item which tells that John D. Rockefeller, the younger, gave the Pullman-car porter a tip of twenty-five cents.

We are sure that every one has read this piece of information a great many times. It has been sent out from nearly every considerable city in the country. Older readers will recall, of course, that, for many years, they were given the same bit of news at short intervals concerning John D. Rockefeller, Senior.

Long ago we used to wonder about that item, and even asked persons learned in the ways of journalism what its significance was supposed to be, that the newspapers not only published it over and over, but usually put it in a conspicuous place. For a time we considered that, in the course of nature, Mr. Rockefeller would cease giving any one tips, and the item would die with him. But the newspapers have already prepared against that contingency by putting the story upon his son. That son having issue, the item promises to be practically everlasting.

What does it signify, anyway? Wherein does an intelligent interest attach to it? Why is it published? Hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers must be wondering. We speak in their behalf. In their interest we suggest that the newspapers should put all their pointless twaddle on a page or a page and a half by itself, as they do the sporting news, thus enabling readers to skip it more easily.

The Politics of Kings

WE TAKE little stock in reports that a republican revolution in Portugal will be prevented by foreign intervention. The long day of kingly politics, described in Schiller's line, when tyrants reached hands to one another, is ended.

Sixty years ago, when Garibaldi and the remnants of his republican army escaped from captured Rome, with twenty thousand French troops at his heels, a Spanish army at his flank, and a swarm of Austrians ahead, the London Times described his plight and voiced a pious assurance that this "worst enemy of Italy" would soon be destroyed. And when Garibaldi, after his wife had died in his arms, managed to slip out of the marsh and escape, the Austrian general was recalled in disgrace for his failure to kill the rebel—although the failure was obviously due to no lack of zest on his part.

The route along which the hunted liberator fled is now marked by heroic statues of him. Italy is preparing a great celebration of the centennial of his birth. The London Times does not regret that it was mistaken in its unctuous prediction of a speedy death. The Austrian emperor, in whose name the whitecoats chased down Garibaldi's companions and shot them at sight, even to boys, is the same Franz Josef who, only the other day, gave the empire universal suffrage.

The farmers and artisans of one country are still employed occasionally in shooting those of another country into submission to an alien government—but only in far-off, uncivilized places; not on the near, well-lighted stage of Europe. Looking back at the kind of government which was supported by foreign arms in Italy sixty years ago, and the rule against which German patriots arose, ineffectually, at the same time, one realizes that liberty grows day by day, although, often, a short view does not disclose it.

Get-Rich-Quick Swindles

FOLLOWING the failure of a savings-bank on the West Side, the Chicago Clearing-House Association took steps calculated to discourage dishonest and reckless banking in that city. It appointed its own expert examiner and required all institutions enjoying the privileges and countenance of the clearing house to open their books to him at his pleasure.

This was not only a matter of self-protection, but a duty to the general public; and in other large cities the associated banks do a certain amount of financial policing of this sort.

It seems to us that the banks might very properly and profitably extend their police powers. A great lot of get-rich-quick swindling comes under their notice. The constant preying upon small and ignorant investors through mining-stock swindles and highly-named "investment" companies which promise returns that stamp them as fraudulent is a matter that directly concerns the banks. Perhaps a notice from the clearing house that certain advertisements were swindles might reach some dormant sense of decency in the newspapers and move them to cease touting the frauds.

If not, then the question whether the newspaper is not liable for losses that are traceable to the swindling advertisement should be thoroughly tried out. A notice to the postal authorities would nip many a promising swindle in the bud. Mere knowledge that the banks were on the watch for frauds upon investors, and eager to prosecute, would deter many.

The trouble with the get-rich-quick industry is not to discover the fraud. Usually it flaunts itself. The trouble is that the many people who know it for a swindle simply shrug their shoulders. There ought to be somebody in every town whose particular business it is to go after the cheat.

Here is a work which the banks might very properly and profitably perform for the public good.

Democracy—With a String

IT IS pointed out that to abolish the House of Lords would make a fatal defect in the English government. England, of course, has no Constitution and no political institution corresponding to our Supreme Court. The monarch's veto-power has fallen into disuse. Hence, under their system, the only effective instrument for balking the will of the people is the upper house of Parliament. Abolish that house and the people would be in complete control of the government. They could enact any sort of legislation they pleased. That this would be a horrid condition is the conviction of many good and thoughtful democrats.

Even a hundred and thirty years ago the great question concerning democracy was as to how far the people could be trusted to respect property. The impression was that if given political power they would at once despoil the rich. So it was deemed necessary to take a bond of them; to permit them to exercise self-government only under such a restriction as insured protection of property. The restriction in our case is the Constitution; in England's case the House of Lords.

Just how long the Bank of England would endure if this check were removed and the predatory instincts of the masses released is a matter of conjecture. Some think it would be only until the demagogic Commons could pass a bill to divide the money pro rata; others think it might be several thousand years.

The notion that the people cannot be trusted in respect to property, but that they will suppress their naturally larcenous proclivities out of deference for a Supreme Court or a House of Lords, is not quite so prevalent as it was in the eighteenth century; but it still shows much vitality.

The Princeton Plan

IS IT possible to banish cliques, factions and all manner of invidious social distinctions from college life? President Wilson, of Princeton, thinks it is, and proposes to try an experiment.

His plan is comprehensive. He would "draw the undergraduates together in residential squads, in which they shall eat as well as lodge together . . . every undergraduate being required actually to live in his squad," each squad being likewise provided with a handsome common room for the purposes of social intercourse, in addition to the common dining-room and common kitchen.

This is admirably democratic and it ought to succeed. But we sometimes wonder whether, contrary to the historical theory, democracy is not an acquired taste and snobbery the natural instinct of man. In the ancient gens, with all property held in common, did those who toed in refuse to associate on terms of equality with those who toed out? Did the fattest ladies band together and snub the lean ones?

We shall watch the Princeton experiment with deep interest, anxious to see whether a subtle line of demarcation does not spring up in the residential squad between the few who have a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers and the many who have not, or whether those who eat the communal bread with butter can really treat as brothers those who put gravy on it. We hope that some one—purely in a spirit of scientific investigation—will eat peas with a knife at the common table, just to see whether the bands of democratic solidarity do not thereupon automatically burst asunder.

In any event the experiment will result in much valuable sociological information.

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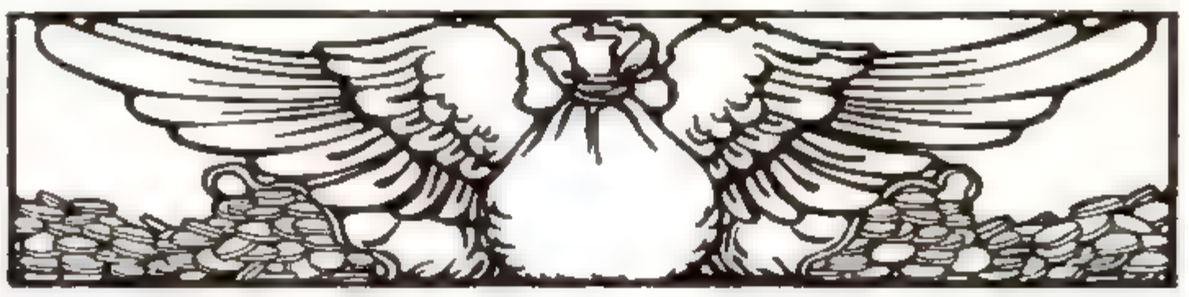

INVESTMENTS TO PROVIDE EDUCATION FOR THE BOY

IN EVERY part of the United States to-day, bright, ambitious boys are asking the question: "How can I get to college?" Many of these boys are the sons of clerks, small merchants, or of men who work with their hands, who have large family responsibilities and who are unable to pay for their children's education after they leave the public schools. While a boy's inability to go to college has not prevented him from being a successful man, for we live in a time of self-made men, there is a sense in which the college, and especially the technical college, is a large and constructive force in the making of a man.

The struggle for success requires every possible equipment, and one of the greatest of these is education. Hence the constantly recurring problem of how to get a college education when the means for it are apparently lacking.

One answer to this question lies in a form of investment which has not hitherto been taken up in this department, and an effort will now be made to explain it in concrete terms. In the first place, all investment does not consist in the mere buying of bonds, stocks or real-estate mortgages. There is still another kind of investment, a sort of human investment, in which the investor may be a boy who wants to go to college and who may stake his future on his confidence in his ability to make good. Like all other forms of investment, this one begins with the savings-bank, which, after all, is the very cornerstone of investment and one of the real bulwarks of the people's money.

The whole story of American achievement is rich in the records of men who owed their success to their realization, at an early age, of the value of saving money, and who found, richly enough, that it is not what you earn, but what you save, that starts you on the road to wealth.

How it Can be Done

Let us see how this form of investment can be made. Take a boy, for example, living in any part of the United States with an ambition to go to college. This ambition manifests itself before he is out of his teens, and it is in an early preparation that the best chances for the achievement lie. His father may be a clerk whose living expenses, together with premiums on life insurance and small savings for an emergency, take up all his income and make it impossible for him to think of paying for his son's education.

"But I mean to go to college," says the boy, looking ahead through the stretch of years. What can he do? Simply this:

First, get a vacation job. This is not a difficult task, no matter where the boy may live. If it happens to be in an agricultural community he can do farm work, or chores for a neighbor, or sell wood or berries; if it is a small town he can work in a store or sell a weekly paper; if it is a city he can work as errand boy or get a position in a manufacturing establishment. The opportunity is always to be had, if the boy is willing to work.

Assuming that this boy lives at home and gets his board free, the problem before him is to save every possible cent. At this point the savings-bank comes in. Not every boy knows, probably, that a savings-bank will start a deposit with one dollar. It is well to remember the old adage, "Take care of the dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves," for dimes have grown to hundreds of dollars in savings-banks. It is well to remember, too, that the smallest amount of money is worth saving and worth putting out to work to earn more money.

Suppose that the boy we have in mind starts to work when he is ten years old, and that he can put away forty dollars the first summer, working up to October first, when he should put the money into a savings-bank. Each succeeding year on October first he should put away fifty dollars. If he started this account on October first of this year, his savings, at four per cent., compound interest, would represent the sum of $511.53 on October first, 1915, the principal being $440 and the interest $71.53. This is enough to pay for the first year in one of the average colleges.

But the boy now faces the problem of making enough money to tide him over the three remaining years at college, because it is assumed that he will use up all his savings the first year.

As there are many scholarships and many opportunities for a bright boy to work his way through college, this is not so difficult. He can get a job during his first college vacation which will yield him enough money to go back to school on. If he gets a scholarship he can provide for his board by becoming a laundry agent, tutoring, or doing any one of the many honorable things that hundreds of ambitious boys do every year to secure an education. The start is the most difficult thing, and it is made possible by a small amount of money put away each year in a savings-bank.

There are other ways by which investments may provide for the education of boys and girls. If people are in fairly good circumstances and are able to buy, for example, a bond and put it aside for the education of a child, it is interesting to see what can be accomplished.

If a thousand-dollar bond is bought when the child is born, the interest on it, put into a savings-bank, would make a neat sum by the time the child is grown or ready for college. Take a thousand-dollar bond paying five per cent. The interest each year would be fifty dollars. Assuming that the interest is payable January and July, there could be deposited the sum of twenty-five dollars every six months. At four per cent. this interest alone would amount to $1299.47 by the time the child, for whom the bond is bought, is eighteen years old. In other words, there would have been deposited $900 in interest, and the interest on these various deposits would be $399.47. This would more than pay for half of the college education, and the principal of the bond (for the bond could easily be sold) would pay for the rest.

If, on the other hand, the parent desires that the boy should go into business when he leaves the high school, the bond can be sold, and, with the interest that has piled up in a savings-bank, give the young man a start in some commercial enterprise.

Herein comes the importance of buying a bond for this purpose. It not only provides an annual and assured income, but it is a form of security that has a steady value and can be readily sold.

A merchant in a large Southern city hit upon a good plan to provide a fund for his children when they should reach the age of twenty-one years. When each child was born he deposited a dollar in the savings-bank in its name. The next year he deposited two dollars. He kept this up each year for each child, depositing the number of dollars that the birthday represented in years. When each child became of age there was $306.16 to its credit in the savings-bank. The putting aside of this money was scarcely felt by the parent. It came in small amounts and at intervals. It had a good effect on the children, especially on the boys, who realized that they had a bank account, and it made them see the value and importance of saving money.

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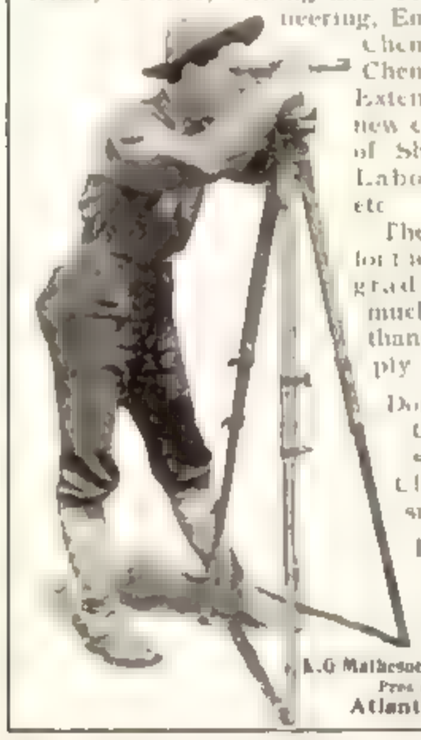

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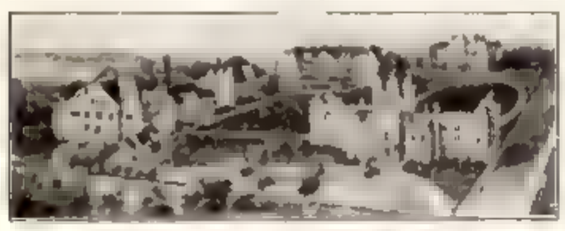

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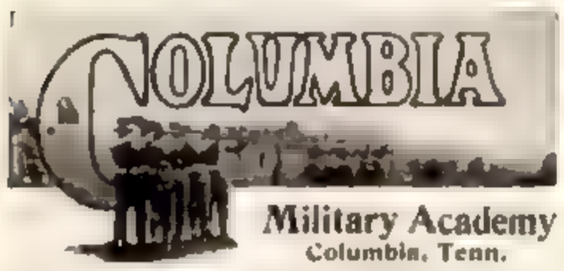

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In this connection it is interesting to see to what large amounts small sums of money can grow when put into savings-banks. If a parent will put aside five cents every day, $1.50 a month, and deposit it in a savings-bank, at the end of ten years it will amount to $222.56 in principal and interest. The sum of ten cents saved every day and put into a savings-bank at compound interest, will aggregate $445.08 in ten years. The sum of fifteen cents, by the same process of savings and deposited in a savings-bank, will roll up to $668.18 in ten years; while twenty cents a day, in ten years, will represent the neat sum of $890.99.

All this results from the fact that money works all the time if you will only put it out to work for you. Here is an interesting example:

One hundred years ago a man in a small town in Massachusetts left one hundred dollars to be divided between the Congregational Church and the town school fund. If a division of the bequest had been made at the time the will was probated each one of the beneficiaries would have received fifty dollars. But the man who left the money was a New Englander with all a New Englander's money sense, so he stipulated that the money should remain out at compound interest for a hundred years before it was divided.

The time limit expired the other day and it was found that the original hundred dollars had grown to the imposing sum of $19,431.72. As a result of this New Englander's foresight, the town got enough money to build an addition to the schoolhouse and the church got enough to repair the old edifice and pay the minister's salary.

Thus, through the medium of the savings-bank, the opportunity is presented to everybody to amass a sum of money which may be used for investment, for the education of children or for provision for old age.

In nearly every State there are savings-banks, the investment of whose funds is regulated by law and thus safeguarded. If you happen to live in a community where there are no savings-banks, you can send your deposit by mail to the nearest savings-bank. Banking by mail has come to be a regular feature of the big banking institutions of this kind, especially in New York City. One bank there has started a special department for the soldiers and sailors of our national defense and receives deposits from them from all parts of the world.

Which College for the Boy?

(Continued from Page 15)

finicky graduates turned up their noses and sneezed at his stewardship. But the dinner as a whole was edible. At the freshman table it even inspired the exuberant singing of the fraternity song. Taken for all in all, this makeshift meal was far better than many I have eaten in Memorial Hall, and cost the students less. And it went off with a gusto of comradeship beyond the power of any high-salaried chef to inspire.

The life of the women, I was told, is of a higher social quality than that of the men, and higher than that of the women in most of the other coeducational institutions. The majority of the young men of leisure and means still go East to college, while the women of the State universities are mostly from local rural communities. The high standard of instruction at Chicago in polite learning attracts young women of the best traditions in the city, and to some extent from the entire West and South. Chicago was fortunate, moreover, in having, for its first Dean of women, Alice Freeman Palmer, whose large and dignified ideal—"the union of learning with the fine art of living"—gave permanent character to the women's halls.

It is the settled policy of the authorities to lessen the mingling of the sexes both socially and in the classroom—in President Harper's phrase, to segregate them. As in most universities, coeducation had its origin in an economic necessity—it increased the number of students and avoided duplicating the instruction.

Coeducation and Matrimony

As the funds of the university permit, the sexes are to be separated, and especially in the earlier years. Theoretically there is much to be said for comradeship between youths and maidens, but, practically, it is said at Chicago to have worked ill in both directions. On one hand it forces the Faculty to exert its influence against undergraduate engagements, and on the other it encourages bachelorhood. One unmarried graduate relates that he had deep tribulations while in college in the effort to make his fraternity pay its coal bills before giving dances. Another, also unmarried, alleges that he lost the illusion necessary to matrimony by crawling into a sweater for an early lecture and seeing the girls with whom he had romantically danced into the small hours of the night before, heavy-eyed and hastily dressed.

President Harper had all a Yale man's love of athletic victory, and a shrewd sense of its value in attracting students. At the great games a prominent box was always reserved for him, and usually another beside it in which he managed to land the most distinguished personalities of the hour. Long after he was too ill to sit in the open, he witnessed contests from a window in the gymnasium overlooking the athletic field.

In A. Alonzo Stagg, double hero of the baseball and football fields as a Yale undergraduate, and later a paid coach, President Harper found a general of consummate craft. With an eleven of slender Y. M. C. A. men he once scored against his alma mater; and he has been no less successful with the sparse material of this new city university. A few years ago he had the problem of meeting an eleven from Michigan which even he regarded as unconquerable. He trained his team to play a defensive game only, in the hope of pulling off a tie at nothing to nothing. His men checked their mighty opponents in every one of their repertory of plays, and by the most fortunate of accidents succeeded in forcing the fullback to a safety, so that they won by the score of two to nothing.

Athletics and Advertising

In the East there was much discussion over the fact that Stagg, though by virtue of his office a professional, once played on the Chicago eleven—which made not only his own team, but those who played against it, technically professionals. The answer of the West is characteristic. Without him the team of the new university would have been too weak to deserve to meet its rivals—which was why no objection was made. The incident happened in the fall of 1892, and has long been forgotten.

The question of importing paid athletes is, however, a live wire, to be handled with care. The East has had its periods of iniquity, and is even now none too virtuous. The West, with its lack of athletic standards and traditions, and its exuberant delight in success, was ripe for all evil influences. At all the great universities, it is said, promising material was, until lately, eagerly competed for and liberally paid for. In many universities, members of the Faculties connived at the traffic, and even assisted in it; but I have every reason to believe that, contrary to the general belief, the Faculty of the University of Chicago in general, and Stagg in particular, kept their skirts uncommonly clean. When athletes were imported it was by irresponsible graduates.

To-day the checks against professionalism are not less rigid in the West than in the East. No man is allowed to compete until he has been in good standing an entire year, and he cannot compete more than three years all told. For the present, athletics in the West are pure.

Stagg's position is far different from that of the paid coach, or even of the one-man instructor in athletics. Physical culture is a part of the curriculum. The student may choose whatever exercise he likes and is fitted for, but he must take ten "majors" of some sort or he does not qualify for his degree. The ideal of the university, which Stagg has repeatedly voiced, is that no man shall graduate who has not learned to do at least some one thing for the health of his body. Here, again, forethought has done what it can to correct the tendencies natural to a city university.

The most wholesome form of athletic competition, it is generally conceded, is that between rival factions within the

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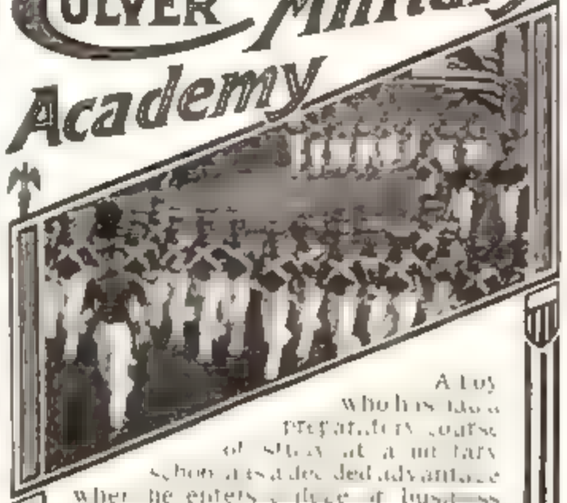

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university, in that it engages the largest number of men in sport least likely to tend to notoriety and animosity. It is here that the English universities, with their twenty distinct colleges, have their most enviable advantage. If ever the Chicago halls develop in sufficient size and number all the essential features of the English system will obtain. Already an intelligent effort has been made in this direction. The university is divided for athletic purposes on the basis of the Schools of Science, Arts, Philosophy, etc. It is to the development of active home contests, and not to arbitrary abolishments, which they have often futilely attempted, that the Faculty may look to hope to minimize the evil effects of the great games.

Architecturally, the somewhat mechanical origin of the university has been wholly fortunate. What is bad in institutions sooner or later perishes, but bad buildings are a permanent offense. It is no exaggeration to say that through all the period of their greatest expansion the architecture of the Eastern universities has been monstrous. Harvard and Yale suffer from what Charles Eliot Norton used to call the plague of Romanesque. And there is that worse plague of pseudo-Gothic. It was not until the era of the University of Chicago that we discovered the true style of academic architecture—genuine residential Gothic. And Chicago had the further advantage of being able to plan a complete university as a uniform and consistent whole. The site is flat and the buildings are of necessity somewhat crowded; but the latest acquisitions of land have been shrewdly made on the farther side of the Midway, thus virtually incorporating into the site of the university a pleasance six hundred feet wide.

The most recently erected buildings are positively and memorably beautiful. They are copies or close imitations of masterpieces of the English universities made by Mr. Coolidge, of the Boston firm of Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge. The Law School has of necessity wandered rather far from the chapel of Trinity, Cambridge. To a layman's eye, at least, the tower, though simple and forcible, lacks the refinement and the spirituality of the tower of Magdalen, Oxford. But the hall is a faithful copy of that of Christ Church, Oxford, while the interior of Reynolds Club is an original creation of astonishing richness and beauty.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on American Colleges by Mr. Corbin.

THE SOLDAN'S NAVIGATOR

(*Continued from Page 13*)

"It's likely," said Morgan. "You ought to have a pretty handsome pay-day, sir."

"That boat's a long time," said Lewis.

He went forward to the forecastle, with Morgan at his side, and found four or five men grouped there, watching. They made room for him hastily.

"Can you see anything of her?" he asked.

One of them grunted. "Last we see of her, sir, she was shakin' out her royals," he said.

"Shaking out her royals!" repeated Lewis incredulously.

"Yes, sir."

Morgan uttered an oath and smacked his thigh.

"Done!" he cried furiously. "That's what come of telling 'em about the smallpox. She's took the weather gauge and left us."

"The dirty cowards!" exclaimed Lewis, as the trick dawned on him. He turned on the men with a spasm of energy. "Lee main-brace," he roared. "I'll run the beggars down, if I chase 'em to Cardiff."

He rushed them to the braces and worked the brig on to the wind again. Something of his wrath and his spirit ignited the men; they snatched the yards round savagely, and "beefed" them taut up to the long yell of sailors at urgent work. The night had come down dark and threatening; already half a dozen squalls darkened the horizon to windward. Lewis ran up to the poop and looked at it. When he turned his eyes inboard, Morgan was at his elbow.

"What she can't carry she may drag," said Lewis. "Set your lower and topmast stuns'ls."

"Now?" queried Morgan. "She'll never stand it, sir."

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Lewis roared at him. "Set 'em, you dog," he shouted. "You want me to kick you down the ladder?"

He walked on the man, and Morgan gave way.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, and went to carry out the order.

If she had heeled during the day, now she wallowed. Two men had all they could do to manage the wheel, and Lewis kept the rest busy rigging preventer gear to take the abnormal strain which each successive squall put upon the rigging. He took in his royals and reefed topgallants, for, in the day of the Soldan, canvas came in inch by inch and all but the smallest kites were fitted with reefbands. The brig stood the rush gallantly; it was such ships that made proud captains and loyal sailors. From the break of the poop to the cathead her lee topsides were under and she was spooning in the water with her bows without intermission. Lewis felt the heave of her under him as she traveled with a thrill; the canvas boomed mightily in his ears and its voice was like a great anthem of effort. The wind sang in the rigging with the shriek of baresark warriors.

Lewis was counting on the probability that the captain of the Vavasour would also be crowding on sail, and when, at last, the vehement night gave place to a vicious, stormy day, with a high sea running and the wind thickening up to a five-man gale, he blessed his guess. For the Vavasour lay up to windward about five miles away, making heavy weather of it but still hanging on to her canvas. To run alongside was now no longer to be thought of; the big ship had filched the weather gauge during the night, and besides, the sea put the manœuvre out of the question.

Morgan, bundled in his stained oilskins, shook a timber fist at her from the poop.

"Roll, you tinker!" he gritted through his teeth. "I wouldn't be as scared as you are, not for a public house and two pounds a week."

"He isn't as scared as he's going to be," Lewis said grimly. "I'll stick to him till it blows over, and then we'll board."

"Will you?" asked Morgan quickly.

"I will," answered Lewis. "It's piracy, but I'd do it if it was arson."

Old Morgan touched his cap. "You can count on this crowd, sir," he said persuasively. "The hands is saying that the right thing to do is get a navigator off her and then set her alight."

Lewis laughed. "I won't go so far as that," he said. "But I'll hammer that captain to a pulp."

All that day the wind grew, and the barometer prophesied evil. The Vavasour surrendered to the weather early and furled her topgallants, and the Soldan saluted her prudence by running up a pair of breeches to the foretruck. But in the afternoon ordinary sanity compelled her to follow suit, for the brig had commenced to labor. Morgan and Lewis snatched alternate naps on the locker in the chart-house, each waking the other with news of the Vavasour and of the weather. By night the gale had arrived in earnest, and the hands were turned to snug her down.

They rode out the night comfortably enough, with only a close-reefed spanker and spencer showing, and the watches were able to get the sleep they needed. When Lewis came on deck at midnight to relieve Morgan, the wind was tremendous, but the little brig, now hove to, was riding as dry as a chip.

"D'ye think, sir," roared Morgan in Lewis' ear, "as that feller'll try to set tops'ls and pull out durin' the night?"

"He may," shouted Lewis in reply. "But I doubt if he'll risk his masts."

Morgan slouched off, and Lewis supposed he had gone below. But he was back again in a minute or two, with his sou'wester in his hand and a demeanor of some embarrassment.

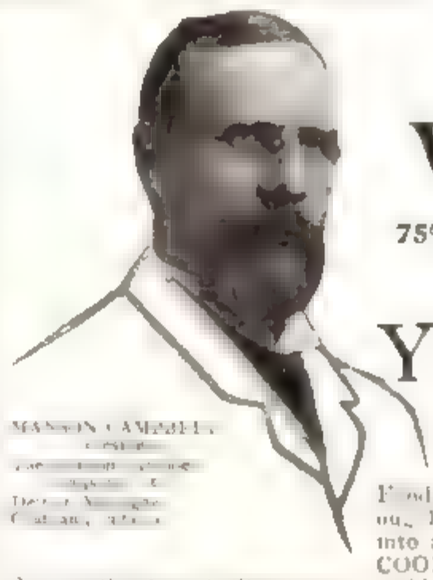
"What is it?" asked Lewis. The conversation had to be carried on in shouts to master the wind.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," bawled Morgan diffidently, "but, knowin' you and likin' your style, I was thinkin' I'd be glad to take you by the hand and d—n the smallpox!"

He stuck out his hand, hard like the hoof of a horse, and Lewis wrung it.

"And if you was wantin' to look in the binnacle, sir, I've passed the word to the hands," said the old sailor, and off he rolled to his bunk.

At four Lewis was relieved, and at six old Morgan came and called him. The old



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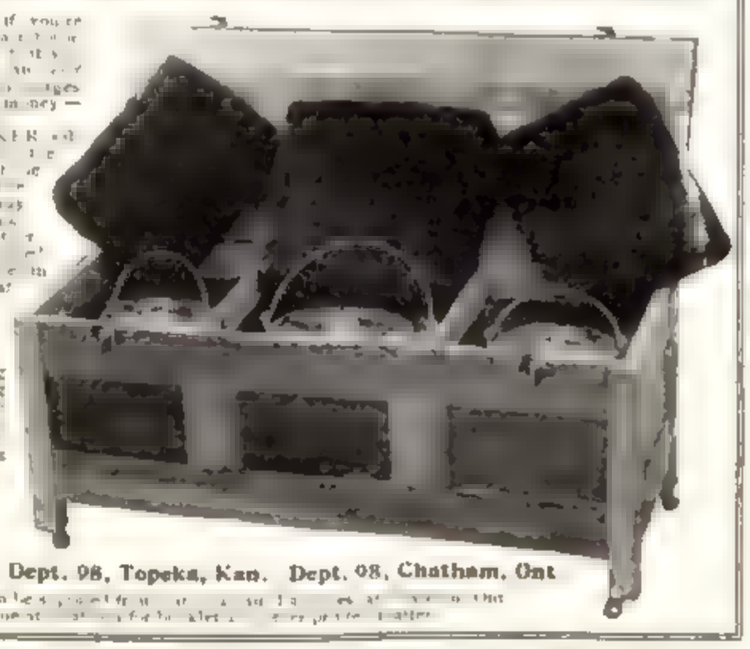

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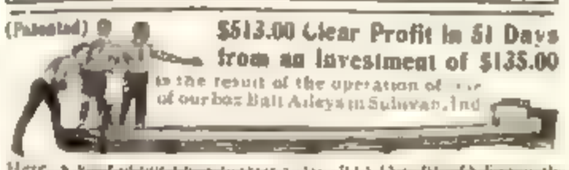

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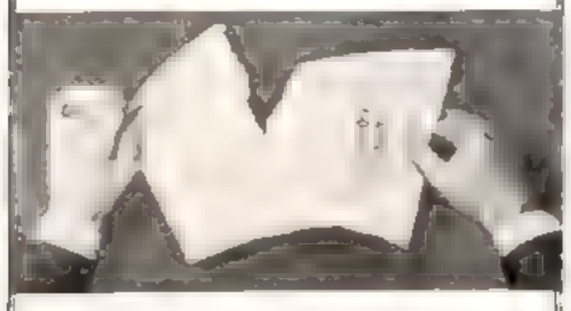

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man was in a state of the wildest excitement.

"That Cardiff boat," he roared, pounding Lewis to wakefulness. "He's been at his tricks, sir, and the Lord have so done by him. Come up an' look at him, sir."

"What is it?" demanded Lewis, sitting up.

"Tried to set tops'ls!" cried Morgan, dancing clumsily. "Just what I said—a dog's trick, and sink me if his sticks ain't gone by the board. All three of them!" he howled triumphantly.

Lewis rolled from his bunk and picked up his boots.

"He's signalin'," added Morgan, whose face was a mask of delight. "He's waggin' at us from the stump of his mizzen. The hands is aloft makin' long noses at him, and he's got his telescope on 'em."

"What's the weather like?" asked Lewis, donning his oilskins.

"Strong," replied Morgan. "Nice and strong. I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't sinking. Of all the luck I ever see, this is the pinkest an' the prettiest, or I'm a cannibal nigger."

Sure enough, when Lewis reached the deck the Vavasour, crippled and in the trough, was signaling pitifully. Her flags, strung from the stump of the mizzen, which had parted ten feet from the deck, flapped as though with the urgency of their passage. "Sinking," they mourned. "No boats," they suggested. "Come and help or we die," was their general tenor.

"Strained open," was Morgan's verdict. "An' her pumps'll be smashed when the masts carried away."

Very cautiously, Lewis got a little canvas on the Soldan, courses and lower tops'ls and foretopmast staysail, and drove the brig up to windward of the Vavasour, going about with danger and difficulty to pass her. He lay to about three-quarters of a mile from her and then got his long-boat over. Fortunately they carried her on davits. Save from Morgan, who proved himself tenacious of wrath, there were no objections to helping the stricken ship: sailors have short memories for such matters. Lewis decided to go in the boat himself, and for this purpose provided himself with certain documents.

"Now, Morgan," he said, as he prepared to go over the side, "you're in charge. Let her drift down to leeward, an' if she's slow, give her helm. You'll lie to under the lee o' that ship as near as you can."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Morgan, and as the boat was borne up to the rail by a sea, Lewis tumbled in and set off.

His four hands had a stiff pull, even with the wind, for the sea was running high, and they were glad enough to come round the handsome stern of the Vavasour and catch a line on her lee quarter. Above them the rail was lined with anxious faces. The man at the bow fended her off while Lewis addressed them.

"Where's the captain?" he said. "I want that hound of a captain."

"I am the captain, sir." A stout, bearded man looked over. "We're badly strained and our pumps——"

"That'll do," interrupted Lewis. "I've a job to offer you. I'll ship you to navigate on my brig and sign you on now. One shilling for the passage is the wages. I've the papers here"—he produced them from his breast pocket, standing up in the dancing boat—"and you can come down and sign. Are you coming?"

The stout man gasped. "We're sinking," he cried, and would have added more.

"You can drown, too, unless you take the job," called Lewis. "These is my terms and no others. You come down and sign, or you and your hands can swim to Cardiff, for all you get from me."

There was some excitement aboard the ship at this. The men in the boat could not see what was going on, but the voice of discussion and dissension made itself heard. Then the captain poked his head over again.

"Bring your boat in," he called. "I'm coming down."

Lewis spread the paper on a thwart, uncorked a bottle of ink, and signed him on.

"Now," he said, when this was accomplished, "you'll work well, you'll speak civil, and you'll obey orders. I'm not going to crow over you, but bear that in mind. Now, the others can get into the boat."

And thus it was that the Soldan fetched up in quarantine at Bristol in command of Wesley Lewis, captain, and Raphael Morgan, chief officer.

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THE WAY YOU BUY A HOWARD WATCH

NARCISSUS, THE NEAR-POET

(Continued from Page 5)

"There were lilies," he said, "great, white lilies with golden hearts; there were flaunting poppies beckoning me, and proud, cold, coral-pink peonies. I woke beneath the light of the silver moon in search of the rose, and I found wraith-blossoms, a great cluster of night-blooming cereus; and so, after wandering through all the gardens and labyrinths of bloom, I grew disheartened and weary, and ceased to expect, to hope; and then—O Aurora, in Bohemia—in the fetid junk-shop of life—I found my perfect rose!"

The air about us tingled and chanted with the joy, the triumph, the love of Narcissus. I felt ensnared, enveloped, by the wonderful spirit of him.

We walked beneath the trees in mute ecstasy. We came to the fountain and the grotto below the arbor. There Narcissus touched my arm.

"Look, Aurora, there is the Rose of the Morning," he said.

I turned, and there, standing all by itself, in a bed of coleus, was one perfect pink rose on a tall, strong stem.

"The rose is a princess," said Narcissus: "the princess of love and youth and innocence."

"Yes," I whispered, sighing.

"Presently," he went on, "the lover of the princess, who wants her more than anything in all the world, will come to her."

"Ah," I whispered, trembling in answering emotion. "And then?"

"And then he will take the rose up into his arms in the sky. For the prince who loves the rose is a rainbow, and he will take his princess and crown her with stars. All the tiny stars in the Milky Way will weave her a bridal veil of moonbeams. Then up high, high in the heavens on the star-scattered aisle of the Milky Way, they will float together to be married by Heaven's high priestess, the moon."

"Lovely!" I cried. Then I told Narcissus about my prince, and I grew embarrassed.

"Because," I said, "my dream is not half so lovely as yours—at least, I cannot tell it so beautifully."

We two were sitting on the steps above the rose.

"See, Narcissus," I said, pointing eastward. "See that one beautiful, dark tree, standing out against the green elms over yonder. He is a prince!"

"Certainly," said Narcissus, "a black prince."

"Yes, yes, how did you know?"

"Of course, I know. He comes from Thuringia," answered Narcissus.

"Yes, and I have known him a long time—ever since I was a little bit of a girl. He is an enchanted prince from the Black Forest. He loved a princess over there many years ago. She was an enchanted princess, so he could not have her, because the wicked troll or genie to whom she belonged turned the prince into an acorn, or something, and a seabird brought it here and dropped it over there in the green sward. Then the Black Prince grew up strong and brave and stately, because he knew he had to be all that if he was going to exorcise the spell and be a prince once more and go in search of the princess."

"The princess," added Narcissus, "who is probably blooming in phlegmatic content in some honest burgomaster's garden."

"I don't know," I replied dreamily. "I haven't thought much of the princess. But maybe she is a rose, too."

"No, no, dear Aurora, a German princess could never get beyond a tulip or a dahlia. Roses are too imaginative for a fraulein. Now, let us have tea."

"Tea, Narcissus? Where?"

"Beneath the Black Prince tree."

I followed without question, for I believed in the magic powers of Narcissus and knew that, if he said we were to have a feast with a boar's head and plum-pudding, it would be forthcoming. Moreover, I had been curiously regarding an embossed leather casket which he carried under his arm.

We seated ourselves on the smooth green turf, warm and soft and porous as it is only in the month of May. A little snap and the wonderful box was opened—so tiny, so complete—two dainty cups, a silver spirit-lamp and kettle, a tea-caddy, and, in a secret drawer in the bottom, wafers wrapped in ethereal paper napkins with violet borders.

"Now, be a good girl and keep quiet a moment," said Narcissus, lighting the lamp and pouring the water from a silver flask into the kettle and putting it on to boil. "Then," he continued, "the Rose of the Morning married the rainbow, and they —"

"They lived in a wistaria arbor in the very middle of the Milky Way, and drank tea out of gold boxes and silver pots, and ate vanilla wafers and were happy forever after," I added, in bubbling joy.

"Will you marry the rainbow, Aurora?"

"Certainly, if he will furnish the wistaria arbor and the tea. But the arbor must be perennial, and the tea always fresh. Please give me another cup and another wafer."

Narcissus drained the little pot for me and the last wafer warned me of coming spinsterhood. Just as it was melting down I felt a great splash on my nose.

"It's going to rain, Narcissus. Let's fly across the common and get under the bridge near the arbor," I urged, picking up my white skirts.

We took to our heels just in time to be saved from the strangest electric storm, with yellow clouds and zigzag swords of fire darting through them, and all about us the pelting rain of great hailstones.

"I told you," said Narcissus, "the rainbow would send the storm to frighten the princess, and then he would come and bear her away."

The hailstones beat the flower-beds with fury. I was awed and frightened. I felt all alone. I wanted to be at home, and, someway, though Narcissus was so near and I had adored him out there in the sunshine and flowers, I drew away from him.

The sunlight rushed out presently on the clattering heels of the hail, and the great green and rose and gold day had her fair face freshly bathed and was all the fairer. We came laughing from the dark archway beneath the bridge. As we passed up the steps I looked back, and there was our rose, our beautiful princess, all broken.

"Oh, Narcissus!" I cried, clasping his arm. "Look, Narcissus: the stem of our rose is snapped, and there she lies on the earth with cold hailstones in her golden heart."

"But look over there, Aurora. The princess has gone, the broken rose is merely the symbol of the broken spell that bound her. Look!" He pointed across the common. And, sure enough, there, rising above the Black Prince tree, shone a rainbow.

"But, Narcissus," I cried, "look at the rainbow! It is broken, too. It is only half a rainbow."

Someway I grew chilly in my white dress, and the spell of the day seemed broken. I said: "Come, Narcissus, I want to go home." But he told such beautiful stories, and made it almost all right about the broken rose and the half of a rainbow, that we lingered on the walks and in the avenues, and it was sunset with a yellow sky above the world as we turned homeward on one of the paths along the driveway.

I had taken off my hat and it was swinging over my arm. Narcissus was loitering behind when an automobile glided by me—a runabout motor with a man in it. He sat straight and square-shouldered. I could see his silhouette against the yellow sky, and I caught the impression that he was dark with clear features and a square chin. He looked different from other men; but it may have been the glamour of the golden light. I paused to watch the motor fade into the dusk. Narcissus came up.

"Did you notice that man, Narcissus?" I asked.

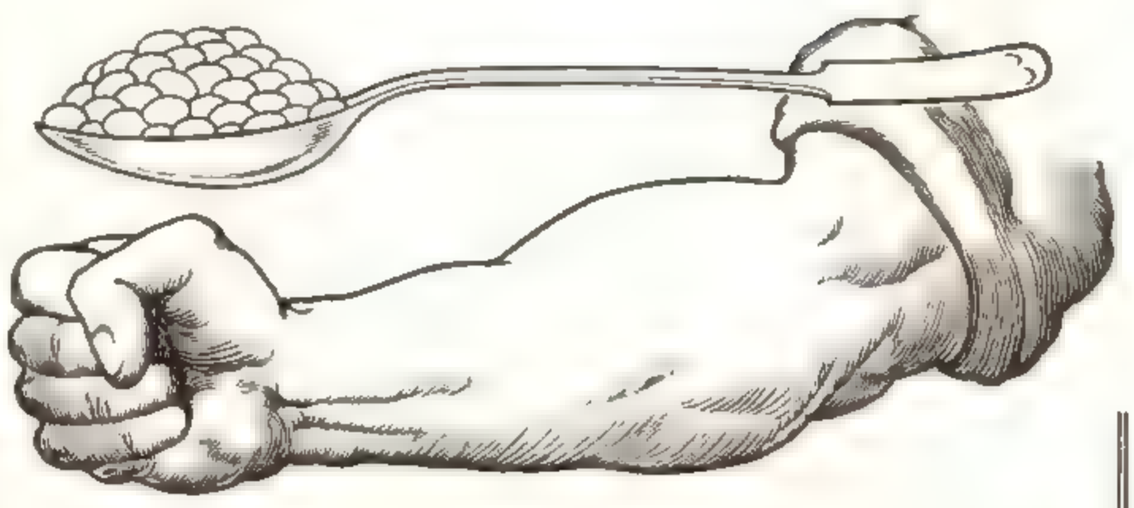
"I never notice men, Aurora."

"I am sure he was the Black Prince. The storm released him, too. He saw the princess. He is following, but it is growing dark. I don't believe he will find her."

And again a strange chill and sadness came over me, and again I felt alone and frightened and about to cry like a little child in the dark.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

I wish Jane would come home. I'm lonesome in the evening when Narcissus cannot be with me, for Mildred is worse than no company. Her posters are getting



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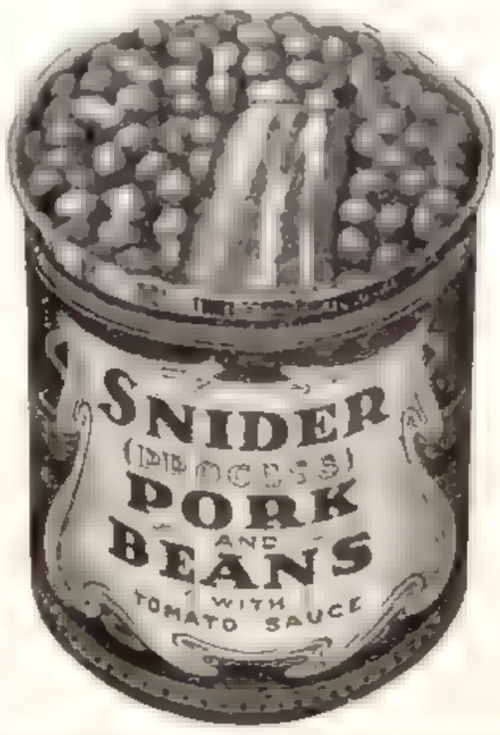

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worse and worse—the women's necks and the men's hair longer, and their faces skinnier and eyes more woebegone. She often does them at night when she comes from the studio. I get so lonesome and have such a dreary feeling that I take to my bed up here in the balcony and read or scribble, and I don't sleep well, because it is so smoky and stuffy.

I don't know when Jane will come. To-day she writes that her aunt is still living and perfectly conscious. "And there's little use hoping, my darling," she concludes, "for anything that rightly belongs to me until she is clean gone, for she sleeps with the lace shawl under her pillow and the silver teapot between the mattress and the feather-bed."

But I wish Jane would come on anyway, and leave Bridget and the things, and give me my milk and my bun at night when I go to bed. The maid we have drinks the milk and eats the bun, and I miss them—and Jane.

I don't think I will go to meet Narcissus to-morrow. I didn't like that storm.

I wonder where the Black Prince went, and if he has found the tulip in the German garden? I wonder what he will say to her? Nothing, maybe, because I don't think a Black Prince would talk much, but the two would understand. I know they would.

. . . . . .

I stopped there and wrote Narcissus I would not see him again. He enchants me when I am with him, but when I get away things grow strange and blurred and I grow afraid.

I'm just a girl. I'll go back to my books and my art and break the spell. I shall not see him again—ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Music Hath Charms"

SOME years ago the value of newsboys as distributors of evening papers began to be manifest in the publishing business. In all except a few largest cities the supply of street arabs is inadequate to a large carrier service. So the public schools were drawn upon for boys. In one or two cities publishers were especially successful in organizing newsboys' associations. The publisher who first organized the boys usually had the best carrier system, and rivals seldom got them away.

In a certain city where the newsboys' association had not yet taken root there were two rival publishers. Both woke up to this new idea about the same time. Both posted off to a city where a fine association was in existence, to study the how and why of it. Both returned about the same time, but one publisher anticipated the other, announcing a free picnic to every schoolboy who would come to his office on a certain day. His rival was not to be outdone, and advertised a picnic a week earlier.

The latter hadn't given much attention to the mere routine of this new thing. An efficient handler of men, he thought that managing a thousand boys would be simple enough. But on the morning of his picnic a howling mob of youngsters swept down on the office. It took all his force and half the police in town to line them up, two and two. They started for the picnic ground in line, but at the first peanut-stand broke ranks, swept over the Italian and cleaned up his stock to the last peanut. Every fruit-stand on the line of march was swept as though a column of soldier ants had struck it, and before the mob reached the picnic grounds the publisher had become liable for a dozen large damage bills. At the grounds he was called names unspeakable, jeered, threatened, pelted. When he got rid of his guests only two thoughts were uppermost in his mind: first, the resolution to let the newsboys' association scheme go hang; second, gleeful anticipation of what would happen to his rival a week later.

The other publisher, however, had looked a little closer into the system of this new notion. A mob even larger swept down upon his office as per advertisements, but was quickly lined up and controlled. When the order to march was given, the long string of boys moved off in strict order, and though two dozen peanut-stands and fruit-stores were passed, there was no breaking out of the ranks. The first publisher, waiting on the walk to gloat over his competitor in a time of humiliation, saw what he had failed to see before. At the head of this long string of boys marched the biggest brass band in town.

Your shaving brush? Do the bristles come out over your face? If so, your brush has been the main cause of all that irritation and soreness you feel after shaving. Throw it away and get a *practical* brush.

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TRADE MARK
SHAVING BRUSHES

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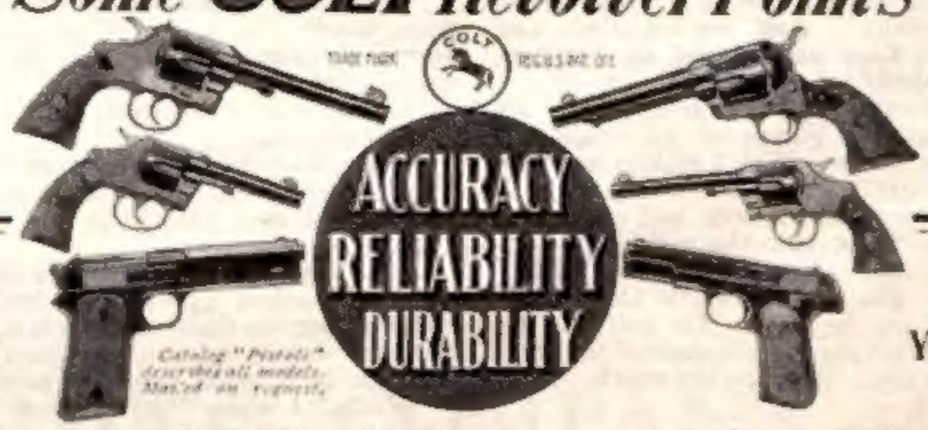

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PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*
Franklin H. Hough, Loan and Trust Bldg., Washington, D.C.

The Prettiest Girl and the Homeliest Man

(Concluded from Page 10)

Them little cheeks of hern got pink. "Are y'?" she says. And she smiled back at me as she loped off.

Say! I never was so happy in all my life! I went to work gittin' votes for her, feelin' as if I liked *ev'ry*body—even Charlie Miller, that I'd had words with. That railroad bunch was a-workin', too, and a-talkin' up Mollie Brown. And I heerd that they planned to hole back a lot of votes till Macie Sewell's count was all in, and then spring 'em to elect the other gal. That got me worried some.

'Bout six o'clock one of them fancy vests went 'round town, callin' out that the show'd give its last performance that night. "What's you' sweat?" I ast him. "Oh," he said, "nothin', only the Judge reckoned 'bout all the folks that intended to buy Root-ee 'd bought a'ready."

Wal, the show got a turrible big crowd—hall chuck-full; 'nd I tell y' things was livelier'n at a dog-fight. The Mollie Brown crowd was rushin' 'round and lookin' corkin' shore, and the punchers holdin' up people as they come in, and the Marvelous Murrays doin' anty-I-overs with theyselves plumb acrost the stage.

All the time the Judge was exercisin' that jaw of hisn. "Ladies and gents," he says (banjo goin' ev'ry minnit), "here's where you git cured whilst you stand—like buffalo grass. Don't be 'fraid to buy; I got more down cellar in a teacup!"

Then *She* come in, and I wouldn't 'a' pulled outen that place for a new dollar. She looked so cool and pretty, that little haid up, and a wisp of hair blowin' ag'in' her one cheek 'cause they was a breeze from the windas. That Slocum was on one side of her. What did I care? She wasn't *noticin'* him much.

I just never looked anywhere else but at her. Oh, I hoped that pretty soon she'd look 'round at me!

Wal, she did—straighter'n a string. And the hull room got as misty and full of roarin' as if a Santa Fe engine was in there a-leakin' steam. I tried to smile at her. But my face seemed hard, like a piece of leather. I *couldn't* smile.

Then my eyes cleared. And I seen she was sad, like as if somethin' was botherin' her mind. "She thinks she's goin' to git beat," I says. "Wal, she *ain't*." And I reached down to see if my gun was all right.

She turned back towards the stage. The Murray woman'd just finished one of them songs of hern, and the Judge was talkin' again. "Ladies and gents," he says, "we shall not drag out our program too long. For the reason that I know just what you-all want to hear *most*—and that is, the result of the contest."

That railroad gang begun to holler.

Don't know why—wasn't no reason for it, but my heart went plumb down into my boots. "Oh, little Macie!" I says to myself—"Oh, little Macie!" Say! I ain't *never* come nigher to prayin' than I did then.

"The count for the prettiest gal," goes on the Judge, "is complete. Miss de Mille, kindly bring forrard the watch. I shall have to ast some gent to escort the fortunate young lady to the platform." (I seen a brakeman start over to Mollie Brown.)

"I don't intend"—the Judge again—"to keep you in suspenders any longer. And I reckon you'll all be glad to know" (here he give a bow) "that the winner is—Miss Macie Sewell."

Wal, us punchers let out a yell that plumb cracked the ceilin'. "Wow! wow! wow! Macie Sewell!" And we whistled, and kicked the floor, and banged the benches, and whooped.

That Slocum got to his feet, puttin' his stylish hat and gloves on his chair and crookin' a' elbow. Wal, I reckon *this* part wasn't vulgar!

Then, she stood up, took holt of his arm and stepped out into the aisle. She was smilin' a little, but kinda sober yet, I thought. She went towards the Doctor slow, and up the steps. He helt out his hand. "With the compliments of the company," he says. She took the watch. Then she turned.

Another cheer—a *whopper*.

She stood there, lookin' like a' angel, or a bird, or a little bobbin' rose.

"Thank y', boys," she says; "thank y'."

If I'd 'a' knowed what was a-goin' to happen next, I'd 'a' slid out then. But, a-course, I didn't.

"My friends," says the Judge, "I will now read the vote for the homeliest man. Monkey Mike received the large count of twenty votes. But they's nineteen hundred and sixty for—Alec Lloyd."

All of a suddent two or three fellers had holt of me. And they was a big yell went up—"Alec! Alec! The homeliest man! Whee!" The next second I was goin' forrards, but shovin' back. I *hated* to have her see me made a fool of. I seen red, I was so mad. I could 'a' kilt. But she was lookin' at me, and I was as helpless as a little cat. I put down my hand, and was just kinda dragged on to the platform.

She went down the steps to her seat then. But she didn't stop. She leant over, picked up her coat, whispered somethin' to Billy and his wife and, with the tenderfoot trailin', went to the back of the hall. There she stopped, kinda half turned, and waited.

I wished for a knothole that I could crawl through. I wished a crack in the floor'd open and let me slip through, no matter if I tumbled into a barrel of molasses down below in Silverstein's.

"Alec!" "You blamed fool!" "Look at him, boys!" "Take his picture!" "Say! he's a *beauty!*" Then they hollered like they'd bust they sides, and stomped.

I laughed, a-course; sheepish, though.

The Judge, I reckon, felt kinda ashamed of hisself. 'Cause I'd helped to sell a heap of medicine, and he knowed it. "That's all right, Lloyd," he says; "they ain't no present for you. You can vamose—back stairway."

"Whee-oop!" goes the boys.

I seen her start down then. Billy and his wife got up, too.

I kinda backed a bit. When I reached the stairs, I went slower, feelin' my way. Minnit, and I come out on to Silverstein's rear porch. Nobody was there, so I went over to the edge and leant ag'in' a' upright.

Right back of Silverstein's they's a line of hitchin'-posts. They was two hosses fastened there when I come, but it was so dark and I felt so kinda bad that I didn't notice the broncs particular, till, 'round the corner, toward them, come that Slocum. Next, walkin' slow, come Macie.

But she got on to her hoss quick, and 'thout no help. All the time, Slocum was fussin' with *his* mustang. But the bronc was nervous, and wasn't no easy job. Macie waited. She was the nighest to me, and right in line with the light from a winda. I could see her face plain. But I couldn't tell how she was a-feelin'—put out, or quiet, or just kinda tired.

Slocum got into the saddle just then, his hoss rearin' and runnin', and him not able to handle the critter. He turned to holler: "Comin', Miss Sewell?"

She said she was, but she started awful slow, and kinda peered back and up to the hall. At the same time, she must 'a' saw that they was a man on the back porch, 'cause she reined a little, lookin' hard.

I felt that rope a-drawin' me, then. I *couldn't* 'a' kept myself from goin' to her. I started down. "Miss Macie," I says; "Miss Macie!"

"Why—why, Mister Lloyd!" She pulled up short and wheeled her hoss. "Is that you?"

I went acrost the yard to where she was. "Yes—it's me," I says.

She leant down towards me a little, them sweet eyes of hern a-shinin'. "You been awful good to me," she says. "*I* know. It was *you* got all them votes. Billy said so."

"Don't mention it."

"And—and"—(I heerd her breathe way deep, kinda like a sob)—"you *ain't* the homeliest man—you *ain't*. Oh, it was *mean* of 'em. And it hurt——"

"Oh, no, it didn't—please, *I* don't mind."

"It hurt—me."

That put the cheek of ten men into me. I straightened up, and I lifted my chin. "Why, God *bless* you, little gal!" I said. "It's all *right*."

Her one hand was a-restin' on the pommel. I reached up—only a stay-chain could 'a' helt me then—and took it in both of mine. Say!—did you ever hold a little, flutterin' bird 'twixt you' two palms?

"Macie," I says—"Macie Sewell." And I helt her hand ag'in' my face.

She leant towards me again. It wasn't more'n a soft breath that I could hardly hear. But nobody but that little, ole bronc of hern'll ever know what it was she said.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two stories dealing with the same set of characters, each story being, however, complete in itself.

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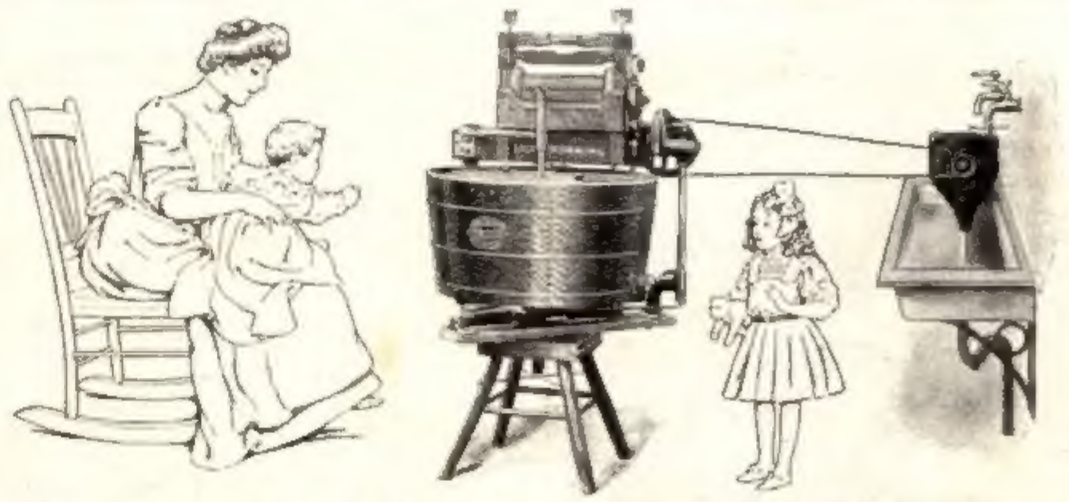

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